WINTER 1953

The National

Future Farmer

The Official Magazine of the e Farmers of America

"SOMEDAY I'LL BE A FUTURE FARMER AND OWN A CALF . . ."

"Even in tough plowing we turn 20 acres in an 8-hour day with our

McCormick®

Farmall® Super MD"

says A. C. Bradley,
Fulton County, Indiana

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL FARMALL FARMER REPORT

"When we consider our Super MD's increased power, fuel economy and faster field speeds, we really think we cut our plowing costs up to 40 percent," says Mr. Bradley. "We use only 15 to 20 gallons of fuel to plow 20 tough acres in an 8-hour day. Faster plowing rolls the dirt better, too—does a nicer job." Here is his son Bob, with the Farmall Super MD and 3-bottom McCormick plow.

"I've owned Farmalls 20 years, but my new Super MD—and its matching McCormick equipment—is the best yet. It helps me work fast . . . avoid delays . . . and it's more economical."

"I plowed up a road," reports **Henry Longmeyer,** Green County, Ill. "The ground was packed from hauling manure along the end of the field. We plowed it with the Farmall Super C and 2-furrow McCormick plow with Plow Chief bottoms. I liked the way the plow stayed in the ground. In tough ground, plowing 8 inches deep, the Super C goes five hours on a tank of fuel."

"Our Farmall Super M gives us plenty of power," says Walter Volk, Pierce County, N. D. "In one operation we plow 5 to 6 inches deep, work the soil, and drill up to 20 acres of wheat a day. The moist soil sprouts the seed fast—gives it a good start against weather hazards. IH equipment exactly fits our kind of farming. I couldn't farm as I do, without my Farmall Super M!"

Prove that you, too, can save while doing better, faster work with a Farmall tractor and matched McCormick equipment! There are five sizes of Farmall tractors in 10 models, to match your power, fuel and crop requirements *exactly*. Ask your IH Dealer for a demonstration—let a new Farmall pay for itself in use with the Income Purchase Plan.

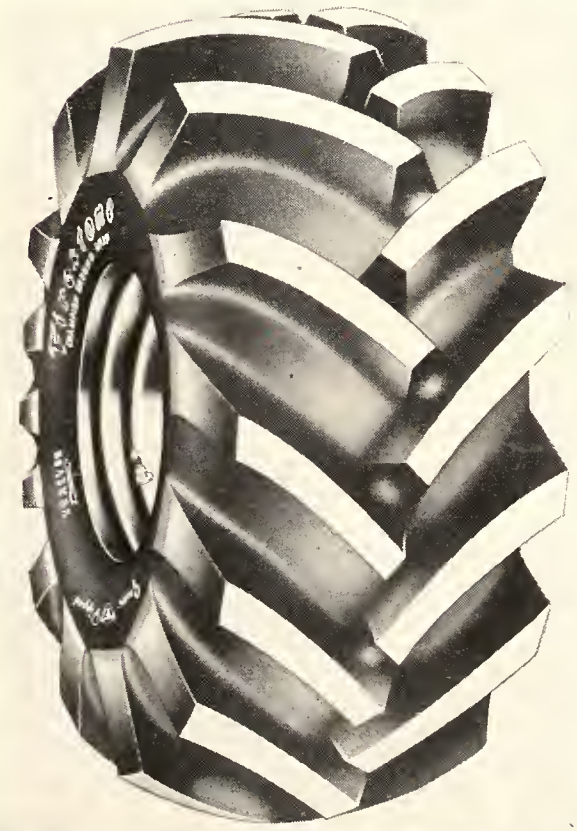
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

International Harvester products pay for themselves in use—McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors . . . Motor Trucks . . . Crawler Tractors and Power Units . . . Refrigerators and Freezers—General Office, Chicago 1, Illinois

Get Your TIRE FACTS From The Driver's Seat...

Firestone
CHAMPION
OPEN CENTER TRACTOR TIRES...

- PULL BETTER
- CLEAN BETTER
- DO MORE WORK



THERE'S only one sure way to judge tractor tires and that is from the driver's seat. Yes, you can believe your own eyes when you see the Firestone Champion in action . . . you can see that the curved bars grip the soil for a firm, sure hold . . . you can see how the flared tread openings keep the tire clean . . . and you can see how the wide, flat Firestone Champion tread design gives full traction contact which means maximum drawbar pull and longer tread life.

Only Firestone Champions give you so many work-saving, money-saving advantages. Put a set of Firestone Champions to work on your farm and you'll see why they pull better, last longer, and do more work for your tire dollar.

FIRESTONE ALL TRACTION TRUCK TIRE

The all-purpose heavy duty truck tire that gives you more for your money. Built for extra traction and extra mileage both on and off-the-highway.

America's Future Progress Depends on Better and Safer Highways

ALWAYS BUY TIRES BUILT BY FIRESTONE, ORIGINATOR OF THE FIRST PRACTICAL PNEUMATIC TRACTOR TIRE

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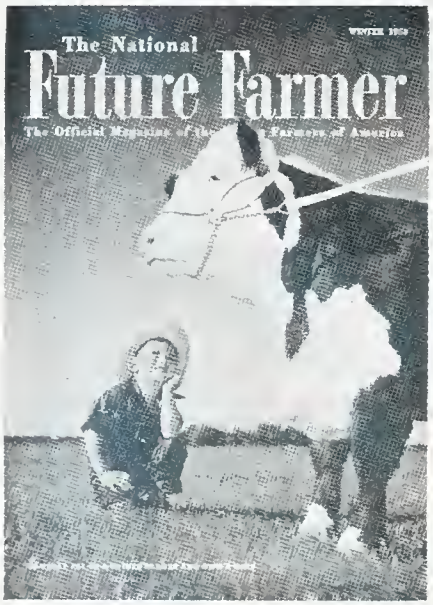

Photo by Bob Taylor

THE COVER

Our cover boy, Bill Lancet of Cordell, Oklahoma, is admiring the FFA Hereford of Ted Green, also of Cordell. Ted is quite proud of his steers—the one on the cover made a good showing at both the Washita County Fair and Oklahoma City State Fair.

Last year, one of Ted's steers was Grand Champion at the County Fair and Reserve Champion at the State Fair at Oklahoma City and Tulsa.

Ted and his dad are partners in a 500-acre farm. They raise mostly wheat and cotton and have 35 head of Hereford and Angus cows, which they breed to their registered bulls.

MAGAZINE STAFF

Lano Barron.....Editor
Barbara Blondell.....Editorial Assistant
Eleanor W. Futch.....Editorial Assistant
Marjorie L. White.....Editorial Assistant
Eric N. Ericson.....Art Editor
V. Stanley Allen.....Circulation Manager
Bill Prince.....Advertising Manager

The National Future Farmer

The Official Magazine of the Future Farmers of America

WINTER 1953 — VOL. I, NO. 2

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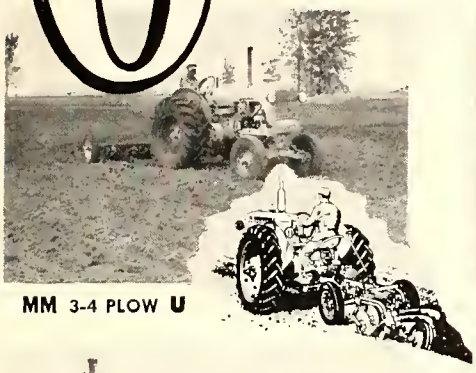
THE NATIONAL FUTURE FARMER is published quarterly by the Future Farmers of America, Inc., Box 1180, Alexandria, Virginia, at 404 North Wesley Avenue, Mount Morris, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Mount Morris, Ill. Acceptance for mailiog at special rate of postage provided for in Section 34.40(e). Subscription price is 25c per year, five years for $1.00 in U.S. and possessions. Single copies, 10c in U.S. CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Send both old and new addresses to THE NATIONAL FUTURE FARMER, Box 1180, Alexandria, Virginia.

6 Powerful Reasons



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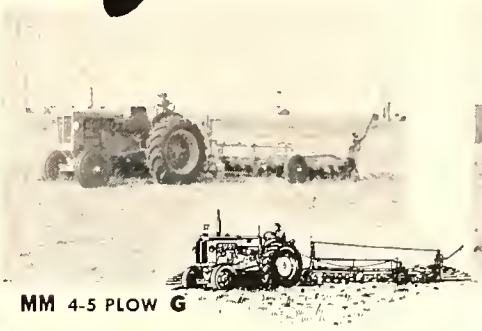

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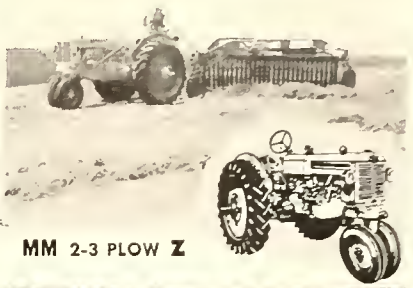

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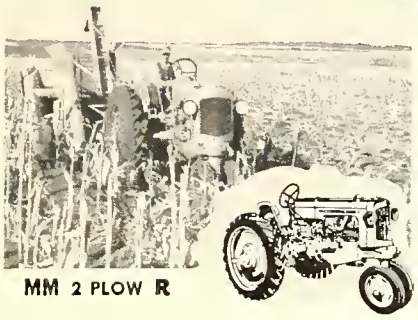

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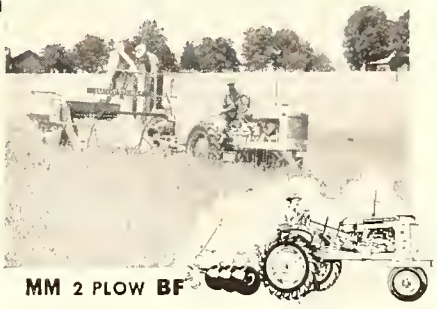

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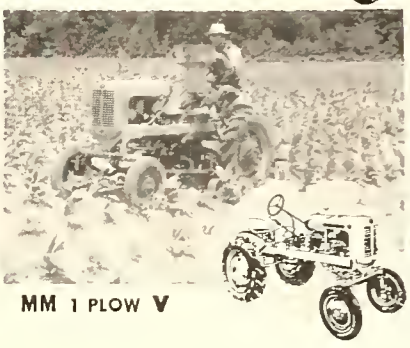

MM 1 PLOW **V**

...WHY TODAY'S FARMER IS MONEY AHEAD with MM MINNEAPOLIS-MOLINE MODERN MACHINERY VISIONLINED TRACTORS

If you want real, straight-from-the-shoulder facts about MM Visionlined Tractors . . . *ask the man who farms with a Minneapolis-Moline why* he *bought an MM Tractor!* You'll get an honest answer that goes something like this: "I'm farming with an MM because I've found out just how *much money* it can make for me!" Thousands of farmers have said just that. Thousands have discovered that an abundance of low-cost power, special attention to quality, easier maintenance, extra years of service built in right at the factory . . . all make MM Tractors the *big value buy!*

Look at these quick facts. Then check with MM owners. At once you'll discover the "*6 powerful* reasons" why more and more farmers are buying MM Tractors.

G **THIS MIGHTY** 4-5 plow MM G Tractor has no equal for steady, dependable, maximum power. Built to handle the big jobs, it still delivers typical MM economy. Like all MM tractors, the Model G is available with advanced UNI-MATIC Power for finger-tip hydraulic control of mounted or pull-behind implements.

U **FARMER-BUSINESSMEN GET** more work per hour, per season, per dollar invested, with the 3-4 plow MM U. In the U engine, maximum torque is developed when the engine operates at 10 to 20 per cent below rated speed. This extra lugging power provides a *lower-cost* power source for the big jobs *and* the smaller jobs.

Z **THERE'S A RESERVE** of extra power in the MM 2-3 plow Z. With standard equipment the Z delivers approximately 36 h.p. at the belt, 31 h.p. at the drawbar . . . offers five forward speeds and reverse. For unmatched maintenance ease, the Z engine has *140 fewer parts than most conventional valve-in-head engines!*

R **NOW THERE'S MORE** power than ever before in the 2-plow MM Model R. Here's a tractor that gives big-tractor performance and dependability plus money-saving, smaller-tractor economy. The R's amazing new 3-point Hitchor mounts matched implements in 60 seconds.

BF **GET THE FACTS** on the 2-plow BF Tractor and you'll discover how much tractor you can buy at the BF's *low price.* The new BF Hi-Torque engine provides tremendous lugging power to handle work easier, faster, at lowest possible cost. Many comfort features, three front-en styles, matched implements make the BF an even *bigger tractor value.*

V **ONE-PLOW POWER** at its low-cost best . . . that's what the MM Model V Tractor offers. For *big production* on small farms—for the *ideal* second tractor on the big farms, the Model V is in a class by itself. See how *much* work can be done . . . how *cheaply* jobs are handled with this power-packed Model V Tractor.

COSTS FAR LESS!

TO BUY A TRACTOR IN 1940 YOU NEEDED AS MUCH AS THE MARKET PRICE OF **9** BEEF CATTLE!

TODAY YOU GET A MUCH BETTER TRACTOR FOR LESS THAN THE MARKET PRICE OF **4** BEEF CATTLE

Quality Control in MM Factories Assures Dependable Performance in the Field.

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Mail your entry blank now!

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P. O. Box 2059, Madison 1, Wisconsin

From the

Editor's Desk

What do you want?

Well, what do you want out of life? Just exactly—and no fair cheating—what are you planning to do? If you are an average American, you don't know for sure, when put right down to the test. According to a survey I read recently, only two people out of a hundred really know definitely what they are seeking.

Go ahead and dream

Do you have some secret ambition? One that you hesitate to mention to the other fellows, but that you keep dreaming about? Well, that's OK.

Don Staheli of Hurricane, Utah, has just finished serving as President of the Future Farmers of America. His tenure as National President took him to all parts of the country and gave him many memorable contacts with leaders in industry, agriculture, and government, including the President of the United States. Pretty far for a farm boy to go? Yes, it is. But it all started with a secret ambition. You don't suppose Don announced to the world his candidacy to the presidency when he made up his mind that he wanted the job, do you?

You are right. He started out dreaming about it. In his own words, "While attending my first National FFA Convention I looked up to the presiding national officers with a great deal of admiration. This made me dream about such an office . . . ." So, go ahead and dream, my boy.

One step at a time

Don Staheli began his daydream about becoming a national officer early in his sophomore year in high school. But he did not become President until he had passed his 20th birthday. There was a long list of achievements between his dream and his goal. Maybe he didn't do too much more than the average fellow—but it was toward his objective—and that's what made it count. What I'm hinting at here is that it actually may not take a lot more work if you apply it all where it counts most. Great achievements are reached one step at a time—but more important than speed is the direction of the steps.

What about the goal posts?

A number of years ago—I won't try to say how many—I was a spectator at a high school football game in a western oil field town. During the game a strong gust of wind blew down the goal posts at one end of the field. Unaware of the incident, the officials were about to go ahead with the game when we heard one of the players yell out, "What about the goal posts?" Somehow winners just have to have goal posts—and the goal is often what makes the winner.

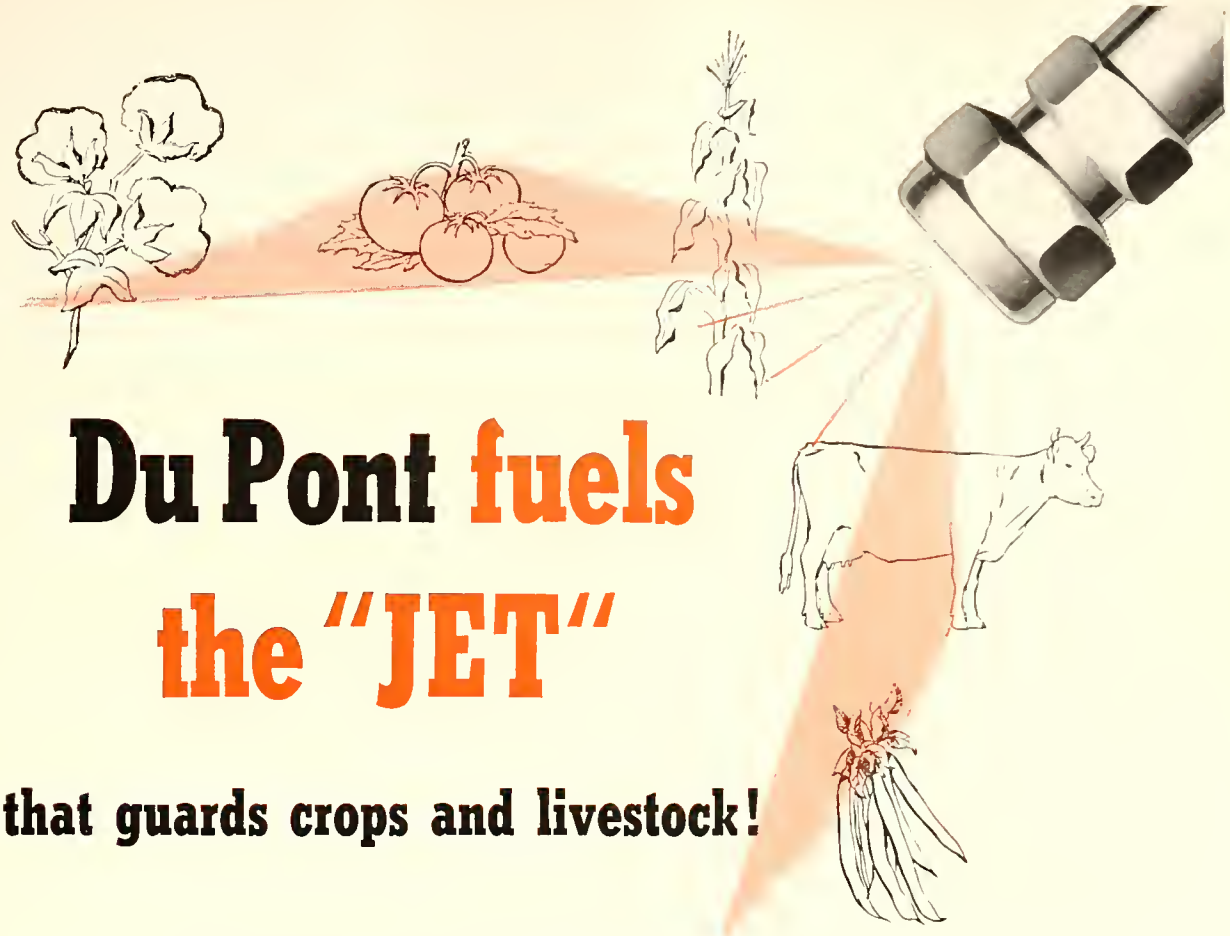
Dallas High, last year's National FFA Vice President, from Ohio City, Ohio, said, "It was a real inspiration to see the national officers perform—especially my first convention—and I remember it as only yesterday. I SET MY GOAL THEN TO WORK FOR IT (becoming a national officer)." But that was in 1946.

Jimmy Willis, National Student Secretary, from South Carolina, said, "It was at the National Convention that I received the inspiration to obtain my American Farmer Degree. Little did I realize I would someday be a national officer. However, after watching the national officers, I DECIDED TO BE A NATIONAL OFFICER."

George Warmington, Star Regional Farmer of McMinnville, Oregon, said that after attending a National Convention "I WAS NOT SATISFIED UNTIL I HAD GONE AS FAR AS I COULD." (You'll read about him in the Spring issue.)

And Walter Wayne Vogel of Republic, Ohio, says, "I wish every FFA member could hear the stories of the four boys picked as Star Farmers as I first did. At that time I SET A GOAL OF WORKING FOR ONE OF THESE AWARDS . . . . I can never forget that first FFA convention."

Today Walter Wayne Vogel is Star Farmer of America.



Du Pont fuels the "JET"

that guards crops and livestock!

ONE device that symbolizes today's practical scientific farms is the sprayer, spouting chemicals from one "jet" or from twenty. High pressure or low, 3-gallon or 1000-gallon, it is a sign of modern times in agriculture.

Why is this true? Because today specialized farm chemicals used in sprays are important to every kind of farming. Chemical sprays are used to:

Kill flies and mosquitoes on livestock, in barns and other farm buildings.

Control the insects and diseases that attack fruit and vegetables, cotton and corn, hay and pasture.

Kill the weeds in fields and fencerows and the brush in rangeland, pasture and woodland.

Many new spray chemicals as well as other products for the farm have been developed through Du Pont research. They have been tested and proven through the work of Du Pont scientists and technicians with the cooperation of schools and experiment stations and practical farmers. You can look to Du Pont for chemicals to guard your crops and make your farm more productive.

INSECTICIDES: EPN 300, MARLATE* methoxychlor, DEENATE* DDT, LEXONE* benzene hexachloride, KRENITE* dinitro spray, Du Pont Cotton Dusts, Du Pont Dairy Cattle Spray and Dairy Barn Insecticide, Du Pont Livestock Spray & Dip No. 30.

FUNGICIDES: MANZATE,† PARZATE* (nabam and zineb), FERMATE* (ferbam), ZERLATE* (ziram), Copper-A (fixed copper), SULFORON* and SULFORON*-X wettable sulfurs.

WEED AND BRUSH KILLERS: CMU, AMMATE,* 2,4-D, TCA and 2,4,5-T.

FEED SUPPLEMENTS: DELSTEROL* Vitamin D_3 ("D"-activated animal sterol), Methionine amino acid.

SEED DISINFECTANTS: ARASAN* for corn, grass, legumes, peanuts, vegetables, sorghum, rice; CERESAN* for cotton and small grains.

On all chemicals always follow directions for application. Where warning or caution statements on use of the product are given, read them carefully.

DU PONT
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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE
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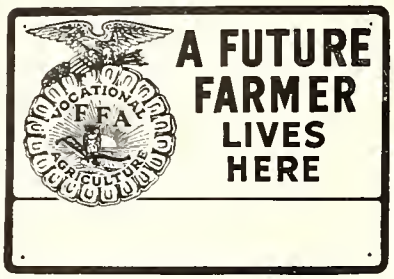
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

YOUR IDENTIFICATION SIGN



This sign is 10 x 14 inches and made of metal designed for outdoor use. Lettering and emblem in full color on a white background. Especially processed to withstand weather conditions. Space is provided so you can letter your name or farm on the sign.

Item No. 1402 Price 60c each

Another attractive identification sign, 24x33, has space for chapter name and is suitable for your school farm, shop or camp. An exhibitor sign to accompany your exhibit at the fair is also available from Supply Service. See page eight of the 1952-53 catalog for description and cost. Your chapter advisor has a copy.

(Please include check or money order)

FUTURE FARMERS SUPPLY SERVICE
Box 1180, Alexandria, Virginia

Item No. 1402
IDENTIFICATION SIGN

.....@..... each $.....

SHIP TO:

Name .....

Address .....Route....Box....

City .....State.....

From Your Letters

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We figured that our Star Farmers and past and present national officers would be just the people to give us some valuable comments on the first issue. So we asked them how they liked it—and were we pleased at what they said! We thought you might enjoy reading some of our "fan mail."*

Hurricane, Utah

"The first issue of *The National FUTURE FARMER* was a great success. I think all of the boys were well pleased, and we can all be proud of the magazine. The only comments I have heard to the contrary were from ag men who didn't like the front cover. They thought the color was beautiful but wanted to see a farm scene instead of a girl. Frankly, I really like the cover."

Don Staheli

Jones, Louisiana

"After examining the first issue of *The National FUTURE FARMER*, I conclude that this is probably the best means at our command in creating greater knowledge and understanding of the activities of Future Farmers and the problems we face all over America."

Jimmy Dillon

Clio, South Carolina

"I think that *The National FUTURE FARMER* is an excellent magazine, and I believe there are few, if any, magazines which have been such a success with the first issue."

Jimmy Willis

Cameron, Missouri

"I was very well pleased with the first issue. Everyone that I have talked with concerning the magazine has also been well pleased."

Charles Ocker

Ohio City, Ohio

"I was very much pleased with the first issue of the magazine. Grand appearance. To me the most interesting articles were those of actual happenings of Future Farmer work. Professional articles less important."

Dallas High

Dundas, Minnesota

"I feel that it is what we have been waiting for. I have heard nothing but compliments on it. Possibly more articles on supervised farming programs. I especially liked Louis Bromfield's article and the story on striking out."

Bill Sorem

Goodlettsville, Tennessee

"*The National FUTURE FARMER* is one of the most interesting magazines I have ever read."

John Reynolds

McMinnville, Oregon

"I think the magazine is well arranged with advice, success stories, jokes, etc., and I think it will help to bring all chapters in the country a little closer. I am very glad the FFA now has an official magazine."

George Warmington

Republic, Ohio

"This magazine brings to me the stories of what other Future Farmers and their chapters are doing. It interests me very much to learn of the many new things other boys are doing."

Walter Wayne Vogel

Corfu, New York

"The first issue was tops in every way. If each issue from now on meets the quality of the first, I will be perfectly satisfied. The cover was very attractive, but I heard some comment that it should pertain more to farming and Future Farmers and their activities."

Gerald Reynolds

Fallon, Nevada

"An exceptionally fine magazine—educational, entertaining, and inspiring."

Don Travis

Hindsville, Arkansas

"(The magazine) seemed unique in its representation of our organization—lots of pictures made it even more interesting. Here's hoping that its acceptance is wide-spread in all state associations."

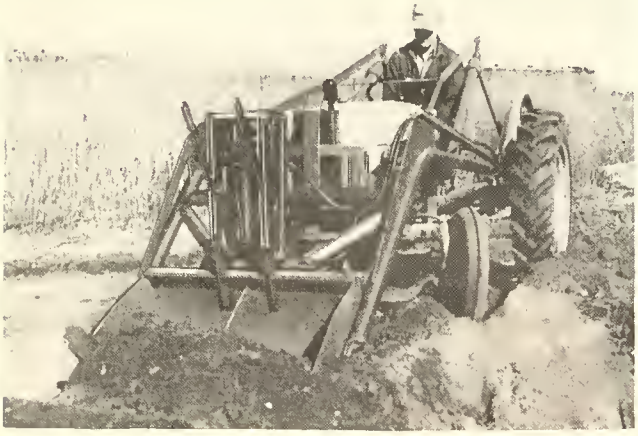
Fred Reed

Sensible Tools For Practical Conservation

It's one thing to build good soil-conserving structures, and to initiate sound conservation practices. It's another thing to *maintain* them on a practical basis . . . to keep them working properly.

We've all seen terraces, grassed waterways, and other structures carefully designed to save soil, doing more harm than good because they were allowed to break down at vital points during critical seasons. The lack of sensible tools to maintain such soil and water-holding structures is often the Achilles heel of conservation practices.

The NEW IDEA-Horn Hydraulic Loader and Dozer, with easy-on-and-off working attachments, is the type of big capacity, versatile tool that makes it possible for the farmer easily to do a good job of conservation *within the framework of his regular farming routine.* Design and quality of this tool is outstanding . . . which is expected of any piece of farm equipment bearing the name "NEW IDEA."



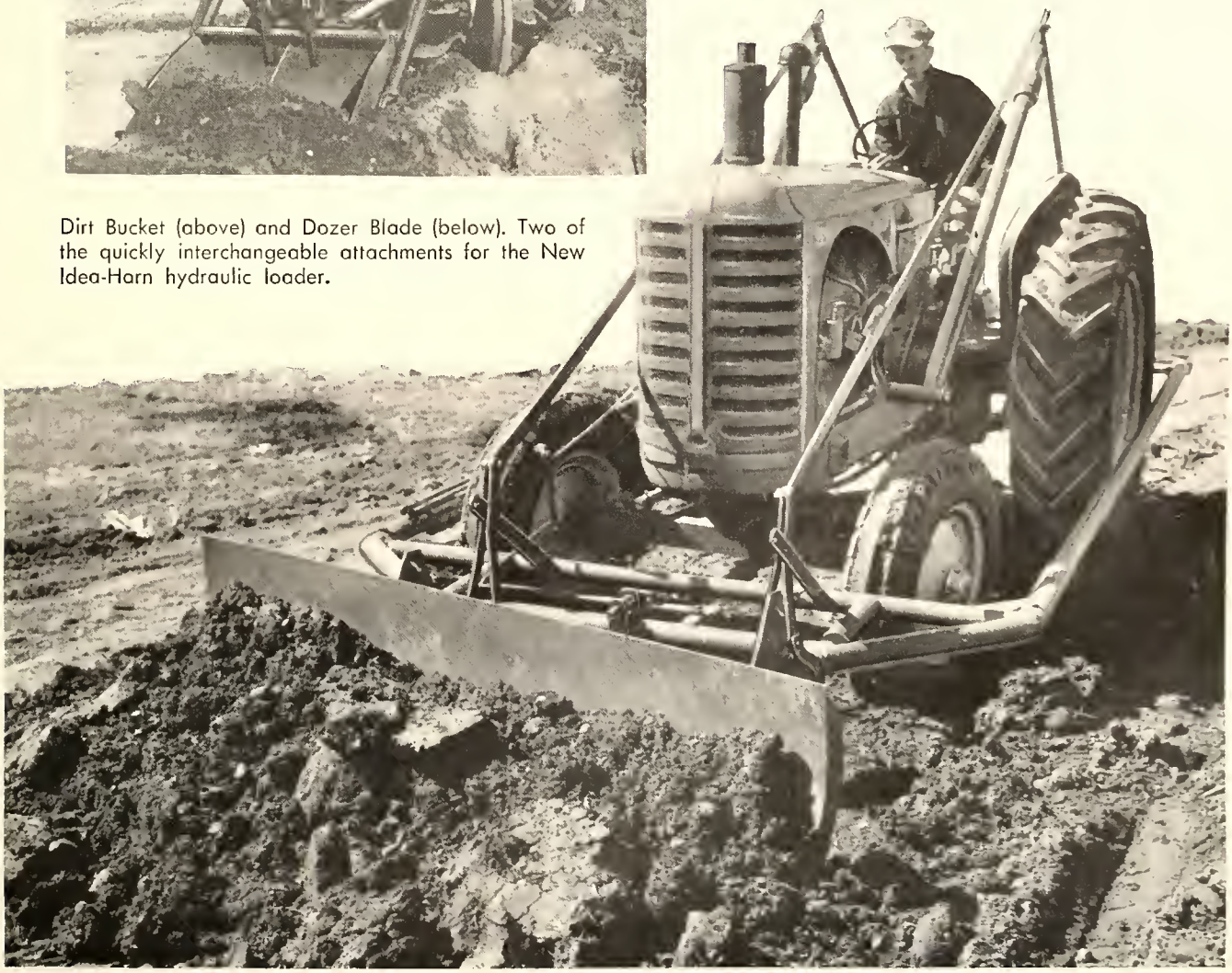
Dirt Bucket (above) and Dozer Blade (below). Two of the quickly interchangeable attachments for the New Idea-Horn hydraulic loader.

NEW IDEA

FARM EQUIPMENT COMPANY

DIVISION AVCO DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

Coldwater, Ohio

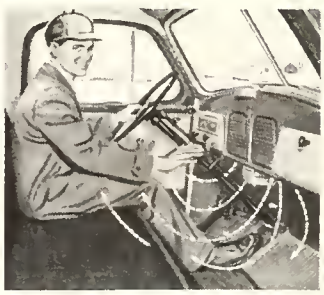


1½-ton 12-foot stake—also available on 2-ton chassis

STURDY STUDEBAKERS HAVE BEEN DOING AMERICA'S HAULING FOR OVER 100 YEARS

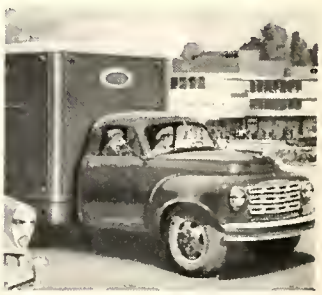
The Studebaker reputation for low-cost transportation began back in the middle of the last century. Husky, powerful Studebaker trucks by the hundreds of thousands are adding new luster to that reputation day after day.

Good-looking exterior design makes you proud to own a Studebaker truck. You have a choice of streamlined ½ ton, ¾ ton and 1 ton pick-ups and stakes or handsome, powerful, extra rugged 1½ ton and 2 ton Studebakers.



Roomy cab is weather-tight—and Studebaker's marvelous Truck Climatizer, available at extra cost, keeps you snugly warm, defrosts windshield and windows. Steering post gearshift on light duty models.

Cab steps are fully enclosed so that slippery muck, snow and ice won't endanger you. Wide doors have automatic "hold-open" stops and tight-grip rotary latches. Big windshield and windows provide fine visibility.



Exceptionally low upkeep is assured by Studebaker's wear-resisting truck craftsmanship. Day after day, you get the benefit of over 100 years of world-wide Studebaker experience.

Studebaker, South Bend 27, Ind., U. S. A.

The hopes, plans, and high ideals of the FFA have been placed in the capable hands of . . . .

PRESIDENT JIMMY DILLON

THE 1952 National Convention in Kansas City elected Jimmy Dillon, a 20-year-old of Bonita, Louisiana, President of the Future Farmers of America. "President" is a title that seems to be a natural with the name Jimmy Dillon. And leadership is a role for which Jimmy is well suited; the presidency is in able hands.

Jimmy became a Future Farmer in 1946. The years since then, with repeated emphasis on *leadership*, enumerate many offices: FFA Chapter President; Area President; State President; Chapter Vice President; Chapter Secretary; State Treasurer; State Parliamentarian; Treasurer of Freshman High School Class; Vice President of Sophomore Class; President of Junior Class; Teacher of Training Union Class; four-term President of Sunday School Class; President of Senior High School Class; and President of Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity Pledge Class, University of Louisiana.

Jimmy has been active in the Bonita, Louisiana, Future Farmers in many ways beside the offices named above. He is a four-time Toastmaster of the FFA Father and Son Banquet; delegate to the State and National Conventions; member of the local and district Parliamentary Procedure Team before being State Parliamentarian; committee member sponsoring FFA recreational activities for a 100 percent chapter; chairman of committees sponsoring horse shows and stunt nights; and chairman of FFA committees buying seed corn cooperatively.

The chapter advisor, Carl D. Lang, tells us that Jimmy has carried out an outstanding supervised farming program and has kept his surroundings in excellent condition. At home, for instance, Jimmy has planted shrubbery, built walks, leveled and re-seeded the lawn, electrically wired the house, and repaired the roof.

Jimmy Dillon is a 1950 graduate of the Bonita High School where, it goes without saying, the principal endorses Jimmy's scholastic record. The new president is, at present, a sophomore majoring in agricultural education at the state university; but will drop out of school during the term of his FFA office. While at the university, Jimmy has been a part-time farmer, having an agreement with his father that his farming enterprises would be taken care of during the week and he would personally attend to them weekends. He repays his father by helping him with his crops in the summer.

Assets owned by Jimmy himself are six dairy cattle, five beef cattle, five acres of cotton, three acres of oats, five acres of corn, six acres of hay and nine swine. He operates a 680-acre farm in partnership with his father, W. H. Dillon, producing beef cattle, hogs, cotton and corn.

Walter Wayne Vogel and his landlord, W. B. Shumway, looking over the proposed site of a tile drainage project. Disappointed with previous tenants, Mr. Shumway had the farm up for sale. Now, however, he wouldn't think of selling it.

No piece of machinery should be exposed to the weather, as every good farmer knows. Wayne and Mr. Shumway check this side-delivery rake.

Wayne and his wife, Kathleen, discuss one of the aspects of farming that helped him win the highest honor the FFA can bestow on a member.

Sheep like this can mean a lot to a young farmer, and Wayne knows it.

STAR FARMER OF AMERICA

By JOHN FARRAR
Director of Public Relations, FFA

Today, Walter Wayne Vogel is the Star Farmer of America and worth $16,000. Eight years ago, he possessed nothing but unbeatable ambition.

Before he entered high school, Wayne's parents were separated, and he and his mother were living on a one-acre place near McCutchenville, Ohio. At that time, he knew he wanted to become a farmer and began to rent small plots of ground, hiring the machinery to cultivate them.

When Wayne became a vocational agriculture student, he developed a farming program of 85 ducks and 400 ducklings, 370 chicks, six acres of corn, and one-fourth acre of potatoes. He cleared $700 from his freshman projects and earned $345 doing day labor for farmers in the community. Keeping the South Bend Cemetery mowed brought in $275 and general lawn mowing $82.

In his second year, he obtained more land and grew 13 acres of corn, five acres of wheat, and one-eighth acre of potatoes. In addition, he raised 600 chicks, 131 hens, and 197 ducks. These projects netted him $721.72, while outside work produced about $335.

By his junior year, Wayne had bought a used tractor and some second-hand machinery for working his crop land. He rented unused buildings to house his laying hens, bought a sow and a heifer, and continued renting and working small acreages of land. When he graduated in 1949, he was farming 96 acres of land, had a fairly complete line of farm equipment, had expanded his poultry enterprise, and was raising a few hogs.

Wayne's leadership accomplishments parallel his farming achievements. During his high school years, he found time to serve one-year terms as secretary and president of his FFA chapter and represented it for two years in the state FFA Public Speaking Contest. He was president of the county's Junior Fair Board, secretary of his Sunday school, and assistant steward in the local grange.

In 1949, Ohio Future Farmers looked over his work and chose him to receive their top award—Star State Farmer. They also elected him for the 1949-50 Vice President of the state association.

In 1950, he rented a 160-acre farm from W. B. Shumway of Tiffin. The farm was badly run down, the buildings neglected, and the landlord so disgusted with previous tenants that he had the farm up for sale. After Wayne's first year as a tenant, he was very pleased with the progress of the young farmer. He took the farm off the market and began working with Wayne to improve it. So far, they have installed running water in the house, laid tile for drainage, and are clearing 20 acres of thin woodlot that has not been farmed.

Wayne rebuilt the brooder houses, built a foundation under the granary, removed the old barn floor and hauled in fill dirt to provide a place to store his machinery. The buildings are old and could use a coat of paint, but the premises are neat and have a much different appearance now.

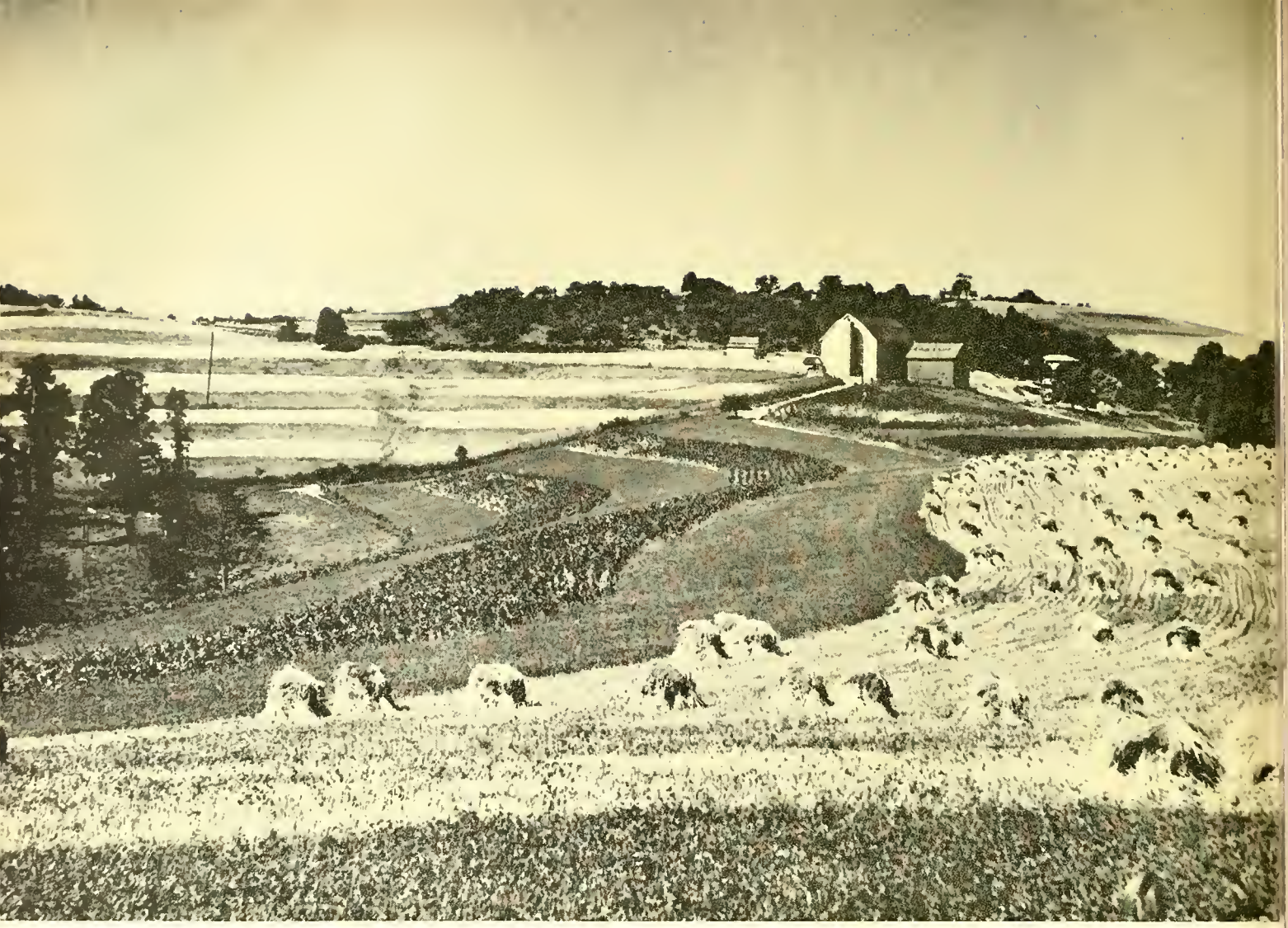
Young Vogel has a complete line of farm equipment and estimates that it, together with his livestock and other assets, is worth more than $16,000.

Wayne's wife, Kathleen, gives him a hand with the work in the fields during the rush seasons, and his mother lives with them in their comfortably furnished home.

Wayne is continuing his education. He now lives in the Sycamore community where he is a member and officer of the Young Farmer class. During the 1952 Ohio Young Farmer Conference, Wayne was elected State Vice President and represented Ohio at the Young Farmer National Convention.

It is easy to see why Wayne was considered for — and received — the highest FFA award — that of Star Farmer of America. And it is easy to suppose he'll make good use of the $1,000 Foundation check.

Must be pretty close to feeding time from the looks of the crowd following Wayne to the barn.



Modern soil conservation calls for use of adaptable measures necessary to keep the land permanently productive.

Destiny of Our Soil

Hugh H. Bennett

Former Chief of the Soil Conservation Service

Nature's handbook on soil protection has provided us with our basic ideas about how to control erosion and conserve rainfall. This book is not written on paper, but is clearly seen across the landscape—by those who really see what they look at. Nature first builds soil from the underlying rocks and then arranges to keep it perpetually productive by clothing it with a diversity of plants perfectly fitted to the capability of the land and climate.

At the time the Soil Conservation Service got under way 19 years ago, not many farmers had given serious thought to the needs for controlling erosion; still fewer had done anything of consequence about it. The public complacently assumed that our farmland was inexhaustible, so there was no impelling movement to do anything about the problem.

Today, however, most farmers and a considerable segment of the public recognize the need for soil conservation and have some understanding of how it is accomplished. Even boys and girls in city as well as rural schools generally have some knowledge of the subject. This, I consider highly encouraging because, when a clear understanding of our national problems gets into the minds of our youth, it means real progress, for youth hold persistently to early convictions.

Modern soil conservation promotes national strength by safeguarding man's most indispensable resource—productive land. Nothing less than this will assure the permanency of our agriculture. Without such permanency there will be a dangerously weak link in the chain of steps that must be taken to guarantee national security. This means that we must have permanent protection and proper use of every acre on every farm and ranch throughout the country.

We are fortunate that conservation

Photos courtesy SCS

Erosion can be stopped and the land, in time, brought back to productive use. This pasture has just been planted to black locusts and fenced from livestock.

Five years later the trees average 15 feet, and grass has taken over the bare spots. The land is producing pasture, fence posts, and is a good wildlife refuge.

farming came along when it did. As it was, we were late starting, but not too late. It was impossible, of course, to undo all the vast damage our land had suffered through generations of neglect and abuse; but we are finding it possible to save what is left—and are very busy at the job.

Fortunately this work of properly caring for the land increases per-acre yields to a degree that makes it pay its way and more. It is the soundest investment we could possibly make, nationally or individually. Moreover, it has helped tremendously at a time when we needed more production than we had ever dreamed of needing.

We have found that the most efficient way to carry out the soil and water conservation job is through the cooperative action of landowners and operators working together and assisted by competent technicians. We very fortunately live in a democracy, and our approach to the problem has followed democratic processes. Congress established the Soil Conservation Service to help farmers solve their conservation problems.

State governments are making their contributions in various ways, as through the soil conservation districts established under state law and through the agricultural experiment stations. To my mind, the most important way state governments have participated is in the adoption of state laws enabling landholders and farm operators to form and supervise their own conservation districts. I have been closely associated with these districts since their beginning, and my respect for their capacity to guide the program has grown from the first.

The soil conservation district movement was conceived with the idea of getting farmers more interested in the work by taking a controlling hand in it and through the process of people working closely together, as is rapidly coming about in the districts. Unless farmers work together on the conservation job — and unless there is some unity of thinking and action with respect to the farmers' responsibility and action—there is little chance of maintaining in any adequate way the measures that are applied to the land. Actually, the districts are proving a powerful catalytic agent in the matter of influencing farmers to help one another by counseling among themselves and encouraging one another—even helping one another in times of emergency with actual work, loan of machines, etc.

Our conservation technicians work cooperatively with farmers out where the problem exists—that is, out in the fields, pastures, woodlots, and over any idle land on the farm.

The SCS and other agencies can and do give assistance to the districts in their respective fields. Teachers of vocational agriculture, Future Farmers of America, and various other organizations, technical and civic, have helped. Many SCS employees came from the rolls of the vocational agricultural workers, and many farmers cooperating in the national program were induced to take up the work by their vocational teachers.

But these assisting agencies cannot assume the direction or management

(*Continued on page* 54)

As compared with the sod covered area on the right, the field at left has lost 20 inches of soil through erosion in 50 years of cropping.

IT WASN'T EASY

By J. B. ADAMS
Illinois FFA Executive Secretary

Do YOU THINK you have it tough at times? How would you like to have been in Lewis Britton's place? When he was 11, he had to leave his friends and the city home where he had always lived and move 50 miles to a run-down hill farm.

Two years after he moved, his father died, and he, his mother, and grandparents were left on the farm. His grandmother was an invalid, and, although his grandfather had done farming, he was unable to tackle heavy work. So the major responsibility for operating the farm fell on the shoulders of Lewis.

When he was 13, Lewis entered Greenville, Illinois, High School and enrolled in vocational agriculture. Kenneth Cheatham, of the Greenville Chapter, had recently finished his year as President of the Illinois FFA Association. Soon he was to receive his American Farmer Degree and be named Star Farmer of America. Lewis wanted to join the FFA.

Vocational agriculture teacher Carl S. Brock encouraged Lewis to have the Soil Conservation Service make a survey of his farm. The SCS found that the average slope on Lewis' cultivated ground was four feet per 100 feet and advised him to change from grain to grassland farming.

After studying the farm survey, Lewis went to work. Where the land was not too sloping, he used contour plowing, grass waterways, and strip-cropping. Wheat stubble was left on the soil to prevent washing, and the straw was chopped and put back on the ground to add organic matter.

Where the slope was steeper and the gullies deeper, he built four terraces totaling over 5,000 feet. Each terrace cost Lewis and his hired man three weeks of all-day labor. Seventy-four acres less suitable for cultivation were put into permanent pasture.

During the last three years, the Greenville FFA has helped him set out 4,000 pine trees, 1,500 walnut trees, and 5,500 multiflora roses for hedge fence.

Near the house has been built a large pond, 26 feet deep, which holds enough water for all barn and household use except drinking water. Another pond is almost completed and several others are planned. When these are constructed, the livestock will have access to water in each pasture, with all ponds fenced against livestock, and watering places fixed just below the ponds.

Lewis is especially proud of his care of wildlife. He has furnished them with ample natural cover, and they may secure food in his clover-bluegrass pastures and along the edges of his grain fields. He has placed bass in the farm pond and spread high-nitrogen fertilizer around its edge to promote plant growth.

Lewis is a worker, and grandfather is still spry.

Lewis says with pride that "our system of clover, multiflora roses, pine trees, and ponds provides virtually a wildlife paradise."

Mr. Brock often uses the Britton farm to demonstrate to his Future Farmers how they can improve their farms. For the past five years, he has watched over Lewis' work, and the Britton farm is one of five in the county having special records and personal supervision by the Soil Conservation Service.

With all the practical experience he has acquired, Lewis was a natural for winning the Soil and Water Management Contest in his chapter. From there, he went on to take section, district, state, and Central Region honors. Then, at the National Convention, Dallas High, Vice President from the Central Region, announced that Lewis had won the National Soil and Water Management Award.

Advisor Carl Brock congratulates Lewis for winning the top award.

School and community accomplishments have also played an important part in Lewis Britton's life. He ranked fifth high in his graduating class, participated in school athletics and drama, sang in the school's Boys' Quartet, and played piano for the Boys' Chorus.

Lewis was secretary of the Greenville FFA Chapter in 1950-51 and president during 1951-52. He has represented his chapter at the state and national conventions and, last year, was top chairman in the State Parliamentary Procedure Contest.

From the beginning, Lewis and his mother have been partners in the farming venture. Now, at 17, he and his mother are co-owners of Woodwind Farm.

Farming is a full-time job, but Lewis wants a college education, too. He has enrolled at Greenville College, which he plans to attend for two years. He wants to finish at the University of Illinois in the College of Agriculture.

It's not an easy program—maintaining a farm and going to college. But neither was it easy for him to make a profitable business out of a run-down farm. Lewis Britton thinks he can carry out his college plans and so do the folks who know him.

Traffic in busy downtown Kansas City gives way to the Future Farmers of America as they come into town in force.

The NATIONAL CONVENTION...

...birthplace of ambition

FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON it takes an event that stirs our emotions to ignite the spark of ambition within us. Once aroused it seems to carry boys on to greater achievement than they had ever dreamed possible.

This isn't hearsay. To learn it first hand all you have to do is talk to any group of national officers or Star Farmers. Their inspiration invariably came from hearing the accomplishments of other boys—and from watching the presiding officers at the National Convention.

For that reason *The National Future Farmer* brings you this pictorial review of the recent National Convention. With the thought that a picture is worth a thousand words, we hereby put in reach of every Future Farmer in America a small glimpse of the highlights of the convention. Maybe in some it will touch the spark of sleeping genius.

Lest we underestimate the significance of our FFA assemblage in Kansas City each year, we should be reminded that there are no other instances where young men display such indelible qualities of leadership. The ever increasing attention the convention receives throughout our land and abroad is evidence that more than a passing interest is being manifest in the development of our young leaders.

Massing of the flags is in progress while the National FFA Band and Chorus entertain. This is just before the impressive presentation of the Star Farmer Awards.

L to r, Regional Star Farmers George Warmington (Ore.), John Reynolds (Tenn.), and Frank Arnold (N. Y.) and Star Farmer Walter Vogel (Ohio).

During the 1952 National Convention more than 7,000 Future Farmers signed up at the busy registration desk in the Municipal Auditorium.

Bill Newma, President of the Future Farmers of Canada, was guest speaker.

CONVENTION STORY

(continued)

Almost every session included the announcement of winners and the presentation of awards, provided in most cases by the National FFA Foundation.

Besides the awards shown here, more than 300 boys were on hand to receive their American Farmer Degree. Advisors of National Gold Emblem Chapters were awarded the Honorary American Farmer Degree, while others, both in and out of vocational agriculture, were similarly honored.

One evening session included the National Public Speaking Contest, but not until the final session were the new officers known. Adult judges were selected for the speaking, but the officer selection was in the hands of a committee comprised of official delegates from several states.

Entertainments have been growing in frequency and popularity, and locally sponsored tours to points of interest have become a specialty. And —as though they didn't have enough to do—the boys take over Kansas City.

The South Dakota FFA Orchestra provided some of the amateur talent that performed at the '52 Convention.

The five National FFA Foundation Award Winners received $250 each; the regional winners received $200.

One of the high points of the festivities was the barbecue dinner given by the Saddle and Sirloin Club of Kansas City. Before dinner some fifteen hundred FFA members and guests enjoyed a horse show at the Club arena.

Special entertainment was provided by Firestone Tire and Rubber Company.

Bruce Ayers (Va.) receiving the Public Speaking Award from C. R. Ocker.

These are the student officers who were chosen to guide the FFA in '53.

1953 is 25th Anniversary Year for the FFA. You'll want to plan activities for this important occasion, so read how you can participate in the . .

Silver Year Celebration

By BERT J. ANDREWS
Staff Writer

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THIS YEAR, more than 350,000 members in the 48 states, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico, will be finding ways to tell the world that the FFA has "come of age," with 25 years of valuable contributions to the nation's welfare and development behind it.

Achievements of the past will be recalled with pride, but the theme of the Silver Anniversary will be to aim at even greater deeds in the next quarter century.

FFA, like any other organization, needs the recognition and support of the public if it is to continue to fulfill its purposes. Getting that recognition and support is the primary purpose of many of the public relations activities during this Anniversary year.

Most of the FFA's accomplishments in past years have been done through group and individual efforts at the local chapter level, and this will be true for the Silver Anniversary celebration. Of course, during 1953, state associations and the National organization will sponsor many activities to call the public's attention to the FFA, but their primary concern will be to furnish aids and suggestions to the local chapters, for it is the work of their members that will carry the real wallop.

Several items are being prepared at the National FFA Office to help local chapters and members in their celebration. A complete list of the items, with directions on how to get them, will be mailed to vocational agriculture instructors. Here are some of the articles which will be available:

1. Silver Anniversary seals—attractive FFA stickers calling attention to the 25th Anniversary for members to place on their stationery.

2. Silver Anniversary buttons—similar to the popular FFA buttons. Members can wear them on their jackets or shirts.

3. Silver Anniversary posters—to be placed in downtown store windows and other places where they will attract attention.

4. Special editorial cartoon mats—to be furnished local newspapers so they can feature FFA's Anniversary in cartoon form.

5. Specially designed banquet place cards to feature the Silver Anniversary at FFA parent-son banquets.

National FFA Week, February 21 to 28, is the logical time for the Anniversary celebration "kickoff." Activities can be similar to those held in past years during FFA Week except to make mention of "Silver Anniversary Year" or "25th Anniversary" wherever possible.

FFA Week gives Future Farmers an open door to newspapers and radio stations for special publicity. During the week, many newspapers devote a special issue or a special page to the Future Farmers of America. They carry stories about the local chapter, pictures of its members, and frequently obtain a series of advertisements from local merchants congratulating the FFA chapter for its accomplishments.

Chapters in the vicinity of radio stations find that, during the week, the stations are glad to arrange special FFA programs or to carry special congratulatory messages. Many state associations make sample radio scripts available to local chapters—scripts that can easily be adapted to local situations.

Special FFA exhibits, like those used by FFA chapters during fairs, are often placed in downtown store windows so that many people will see them. Many chapters make arrangements for their officers or other outstanding members to speak about the FFA at local civic club meetings. School asembly programs, special FFA editions of the school paper, and FFA Week proclamations by the town mayor are other means often used by Future Farmer chapters to publicize their organization.

One of the most popular parts of the FFA Week is the annual parent-son banquet, which offers an excellent opportunity of getting parents and influential townsmen to hear more about the FFA.

These are just a few of the ways local chapters may gain publicity and attention for the FFA during their week, or, for that matter, throughout the Anniversary year.

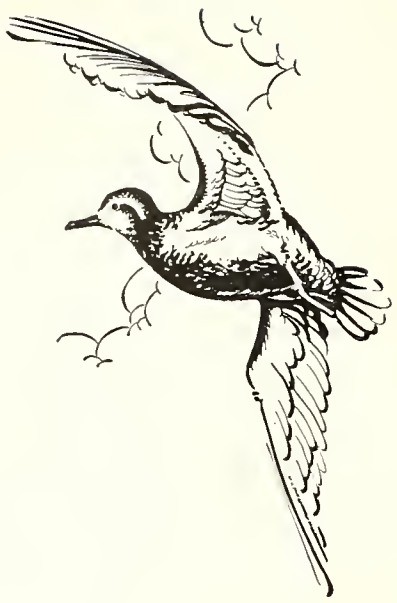
One of FFA's greatest assets is the initiative of its members, officers, and local advisors in developing programs of work to carry out the Anniversary theme. Using the above suggestions as "starters," members in the local chapters can work up many activities that will make 1953 be the year the nation really took notice of its greatest farm youth organization.

One other suggestion—if your chapter sponsors some unusual activity that goes over well, write an article about it for your state FFA magazine . . . other chapters may be able to benefit from your experience. Of course, there'll never be another Silver Anniversary, but there will always be a need for promoting the FFA.

Mysteries of Nature

By BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

THE GOLDEN PLOVER is a bird of the shores and the marshes with which few of us are familiar. But his fame among naturalists is assured. He has baffled them for years by achieving the impossible. His main nesting ground is along the shore of Bering Strait. In late summer, adult birds wing their way over several thousand miles of Alaskan and Canadian wilderness, moving southeastward clear to the Atlantic. There, in the general region of Nova Scotia, they feed fat, then hop off over some 2,400 nonstop



miles of open ocean, coming to rest again on the coast of Brazil. With short rest periods, they now jaunt on down into Patagonia, having covered some 8,000 miles in a great ellipse.

They cannot tarry long, even after this awesome feat. Soon they start back to the ancestral Arctic breeding grounds. But on the return, instead of back-tracking, they fly up across South America, cross the Gulf of Mexico, and follow the Mississippi Valley up to the Canadian border, thence back to Bering Strait. How did they ever manage to lay out this route? How do they know, when they leave Nova Scotia, that land lies hundreds of miles distant? A hundred questions come to mind. None can be satisfactorily answered. But the most astonishing facet has yet to be told. For as we follow these adult birds on their fabulous journey, what of the young they have left behind?

After the parents have left Bering Strait, the young of the year try out their wings. Finally they, too, have the all-powerful urge to move south with the sun. Do they follow the sky paths their parents have taken? No. Down across Canada they travel, down the Mississippi Valley, and so on into South America—the very route their parents, whom they may possibly meet in Patagonia, will take coming back. The youngsters will go back to Bering Strait the same way, too. But the next year, when they are stronger and more experienced, they will follow the Great Ellipse route of their elders!

The whys and hows of the lives of wild creatures have been challenging and intriguing scientists and laymen for centuries. As the decades roll on, more and more answers are found to the curious mysteries of their comings and goings, their whims and fancies. But most appealing of all are not the startling answers which have been found, but the mysteries to which mankind seems incapable of ever finding answers. For in these unsolved problems is to be glimpsed fleetingly the vastness and complexity of an overall plan which dwarfs the power of man's reason and dulls the sharp probe of his research.

Last winter I was hunting bobcats in a north-Michigan forest with another man and his pack of crack hounds. Bobcats move at night, clinging to thick cedar tangles. When the hunter locates a track it is, therefore, anywhere up to 12 hours old. We found such a track, but it had been snowing hard during the night, and the pad imprints were all but filled.

The hounds were unleashed. With a bellow, they were away. I had hunted various kinds of game behind hounds hundreds of times, but never before had I been struck by the curious question that came to my mind as I watched them last winter. How did they know which way to run? You may think you can answer this question easily. But be assured that men have been trying to do just that for centuries.

Do the dogs look at the track, and tell the direction the animal was traveling? No. A hound runs purely by scent, often running far to the side of the track in his haste. In the case of our bobcat track, it would have taken an expert woodsman to tell which way was correct, so badly had snow obliterated the imprints. The easiest way to prove that sight has nothing to do with it, however, is to watch a good hound run a trail on hard bare ground or rock, where no track imprint is left.

Some claim that each imprint carries a little more scent than the one before it because it is slightly newer, and that this obviously leads the hound in the direction of the stronger scent. This sounds logical at first hearing, but isn't. The individual imprints were made split seconds apart. A good "cold-trailing" hound can sometimes work out a track that is several days old. The infinitesimal age difference of individual track imprints after that length of time would hardly account for the swift and unerring work of the hound. There are many other attempted explanations, but the best that can be said is that a hunting hound never runs a track backward. Or, if he does start out in the wrong direction in his first excitement at being slipped, he will quickly reorient himself and circle back in the right direction.

One man told me recently, when I asked him how he explained this mystery, "The ancestors of hunting hounds, centuries ago, hunted to eat. It's instinct, brought down through the ages. They just know, that's all."

This is a pleasant way to duck the question. It is the cozy way in which the sewing-circle naturalist likes to give up on nature's mysteries. Nature would be a pitiful jumble, indeed, if this were true. Actually, there is nothing in the whole intricate dovetailing of the entire animate universe that works in such a slipshod manner. Just as an automobile has a radiator for one purpose, pistons for another, so each wild creature from highest to lowest is provided with definite mechanisms—physical mechanisms—to cover every need which the creature may have. Quite commonly science has discovered physical organs of an obscure nature in various forms of life which seem to have no known use. Science has simply never been able to discover how and in what combinations these physical mechanisms operate to make the impossible possible for wild creatures, or what natural phenomena bring influences to bear upon a creature's intricately sensitive physical equipment to establish cause and effect.

Undoubtedly, tremendous influences are brought to bear by phenomena such as the cycles of the moon, barometric pressure, temperature, light rays of various types and intensities. But how? In most cases no one knows. Since I was a youngster I have been intrigued by a most peculiar occurrence among rabbits. As an example, last winter in my small village there was a cottontail living around our yard. We often saw his tracks.

One morning we awoke to stare at our yard in astonishment. Over the entire area there was hardly a spot the size of my palm where a rabbit track failed to impress the snow. There were little trails where one or more rabbits had run back and forth, back and forth in a high frenzy of mysterious activity. A neighbor three blocks away said to me that morning, "You should see the rabbit tracks in our yard. It is simply covered with them!" I phoned several friends, out of curiosity, one of whom lived several miles away. Each reported the same phenomenon. Now I knew that we didn't have *that* many rabbits in our region, and I knew also that it doesn't take many rabbits to make a lot of tracks. So, what had they been up to? It was not breeding season in our rugged clime. There had been no appreciable weather change from bitter cold to warm, to bring them out. In fact, the night was colder than previous ones. What had caused this abandon of activity, which did not occur again all winter? It is an occurrence that is known wherever rabbits exist. And it has never been logically explained, nor has any makeshift explanation ever come even close to positive proof. A natural influence of great power brought to bear upon some specialized physical equipment of rabbits, to be sure—but what, and how?

There are many comparable activities of wildlife just as impossible to explain. Every trout fisherman who has ever wet a boot knows the puzzling phenomenon of the "feeding period." You are wading a stream, let us say, and you have tried every fly pattern in your possession without the slightest result. Trout habitually leap for insects on the surface or skimming the surface of a stream. "Hatches" of many of these aquatic insects, whose larvae are on the stream bed, take place when the water temperature is proper for them. Usually a good "hatch" means good fishing. But not today. Aquatic insects have been appearing in clouds from the stream surface, but not a fish is feeding.

Then, suddenly, you see the swirl of a trout. Before you can cast to that swirl, there are a dozen more. You look downstream, upstream; the surface as far as you can see is literally alive with signs of feeding fish. This may occur at any time of the day, without fathomable rhyme or reason. If you could contact a fellow fisherman 10 miles or more downstream or upstream, he would undoubtedly report that the same frenzied feeding was taking place where he was fishing.

Hurriedly you begin to cast. But your fly is not the one the fish want. You switch flies with trembling hands, trying to match with your fly pattern the insects the fish are taking. At last you have it. A strike. But before you can cast again, the surface of the stream subsides into a placid, barren mirror. Not a trout is rising. Not a single one for as far as you can see. Have they simply filled to bursting and stopped? But how could every single trout, large and small, have become exactly full at exactly the same moment? No, that won't explain it. Fishermen by millions, scientists by scores have been trying for centuries to explain this intriguing—and exasperating—mystery of nature. The explanations are almost as diverse as the personalities of the theorists. Some say it is the effect of tidal pull, for the tidal effect is just as great inland as at sea, even though we do not have visual evidence of it. But all such explanations are only guesswork. No one knows, and it seems very likely that no one ever will.

Higher animals exhibit rather similar whims, which seem to have no reason whatever yet have such definite overall direction that they leave the observer in a state of wonder. I was deer hunting one season in an area where the abundant deer had not been molested at all by hunters. The area had a stream running through it, but this area, which we knew well and had often surveyed thoroughly, offered ample browse and perfect habitat conditions for deer on either side of the stream. In other words, there was no reason for a deer to choose, for comfort, food, or safety between the two sections. And there were animals in abundance on each side, to prove it.

Our party split up, two of us taking stands on one side of the stream, two on the other. Since we were allowed to shoot bucks only, and since each of us wanted a good head, there was no indiscriminate shooting. In fact, for three days we sat on our high lookout points, watching the long flats and brushy valleys, and not a shot was fired. One day I began seeing many more deer than usual. And it slowly began to dawn upon me that something unusual was going on. They were all moving in the same direction: toward, and across, the stream. Not in a herd. Here, within a hundred yards of me, a doe and two fawns briskly walked toward the river, waded in, and crossed. A half mile away, through my binocular I

(*Continued on page* 49)

Illustrated by Eric N. Ericson

Inventor at 17

By W. C. DUDLEY
Virginia Area Supervisor
Vocational Agriculture

THE CONSTRUCTION of a power lift with unusual and improved features led to the awarding of a U. S. patent to Leon Paulette of the Appomattox, Virginia, FFA Chapter, at the age of 17. The lift operates from the tractor power take-off by means of cables, and is covered by one of the two patents young Paulette has received.

"We consider the power lift Leon's most outstanding development," says H. B. Peck, Instructor of Vocational Agriculture in the Appomattox High School.

In addition, Leon planned and constructed for himself a pickup-type disc harrow, power post-hole digger, manure loader, buck rake, tractor wagon, mechanical lift, road scraper and nearly 100 items of small equipment while still in his junior year of high school. Now you know why he was declared 1951 State and Regional Winner of the FFA Foundation Award for Farm Mechanics.

Young Paulette enrolled in vocational agriculture in 1948. His activities have not been limited to improved farm machinery, which he considers a means to an end. His major productive enterprise is swine. During 1951-52 his farming program included seven purebred sows, three gilts, 12 pigs, and a boar. "My goal is to own 25 Duroc sows," Leon explains.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Paulette, assign much of the credit for Leon's success to his training in vocational agriculture. "The regular classes did not allow time for all of the shop jobs he wanted to complete, so he often spent two or three evenings a week in the vo-ag shop," Mr. Paulette says.

In addition to Future Farmer work, Leon found time to participate in school and community activities. A star end on his high school football team, he caught four passes for touchdowns on the Saturday night following his return from the National FFA Convention.

During his final year in high school, he constructed a self-unloading trailer and a power unit. He also completed an 18 x 40 foot farrowing house. Upon graduation in June he joined the Appomattox Chapter of the Young Farmers of Virginia. The home farm, which he operates in partnership with his father, is being enlarged through lease of additional land in order to allow for expansion since Leon plans to devote full time to farming.

Leon Paulette makes a minor adjustment on his tractor power lift. Its new features earned a U. S. patent.

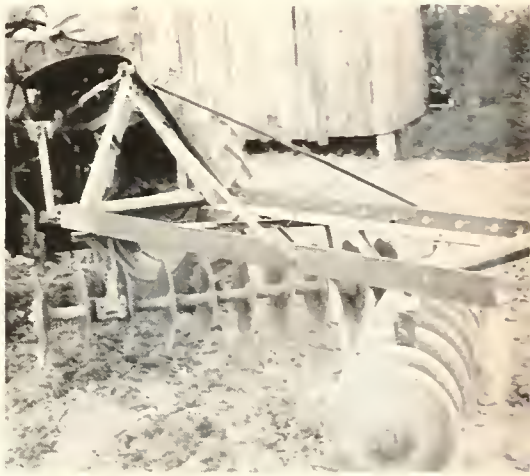
The new power lift operates on any tractor. Here Leon is loading hay with the lift and buck rake attachment.

Leon makes a weld on an automatic waterer for swine. He has won many blue ribbons on his purebred Duroc hogs.

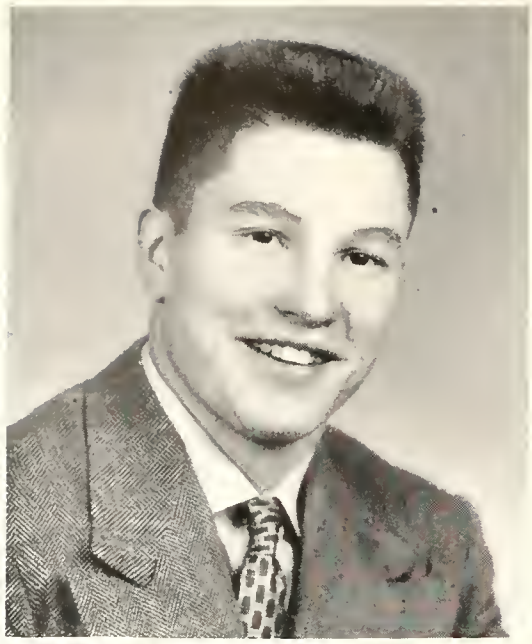
. . . as an added feature of your magazine, we present here and on the succeeding pages a series of articles related to farm mechanics as—THIS ISSUE'S SPECIAL.

The power post-hole digger, above, makes a once-dreaded job look easy. Leon made the digger from the rear axle of an old car and old disk blades.

Young Paulette made still further use of the winch by making another labor saver—a tractor-operated manure loader. Here he demonstrates its use.



Leon Paulette, above, is showing how his pickup-type disk harrow operates. He made the harrow in his vo-ag shop from old disks and scrap metal.



Ed Reser, Walla Walla, Washington, received the top award in farm mechanics for 1952.

Perhaps you've wondered how to become an award-winning farm mechanic. Can you rebuild a truck? Make new machinery from old? Overhaul a tractor or build a barn? . . . Then, perhaps, you have . . .

The Makings of a Winner

By E. W. FUTCH
Staff Writer

ED RESER is an eighteen-year-old Future Farmer who lives with his folks on a wheat and livestock farm in Walla Walla, Washington. By putting to work all the knowledge he has gained from his studies in vo-ag farm mechanics training, Ed has been able to construct a wide variety of useful farm equipment and machinery.

By employing his automotive knowledge, Ed has been able to completely overhaul and rebuild trucks and tractors.

When the time came for the Resers to construct a new home, Ed pitched in and helped . . . more than did his share of the work. In addition, he assisted in erecting a huge new beef cattle barn, and also a new farrowing house for swine.

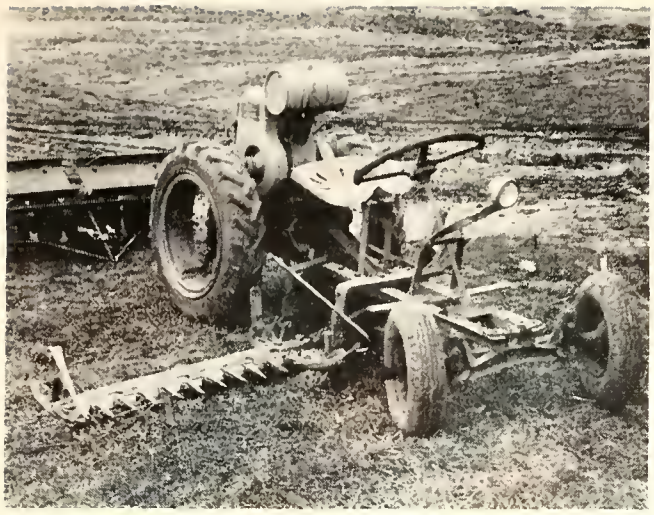
One of his most noteworthy construction accomplishments is a "farm hand" which was built in the local school farm shop under the supervision and guidance of his vo-ag instructor, E. E. Kantola. In reality, the "farm hand" is a hydraulically operated buck rake which Ed has ingeniously mounted on an old truck chassis. Ed drives the machine into the hayfield, slides the fork under a load of hay, and, by operating the hydraulic apparatus, lifts the hay off the ground. Then it can be hauled any distance to the mow or stack. The machine has been valued at well over seven hundred dollars.

Ed built a garden tractor that has proven to be a very valuable piece of equipment. An eight-horsepower motor and old automobile parts went into what was to be a garden tractor . . . but it turned out to be a machine that has been used for any number of small power jobs around the farm.

Ed owns a small herd of registered Shorthorns. He has shown two grand champion steers at the Spokane Show.

Ed helped with the construction of the new beef barn, and the 20-unit farrowing house in the background.

The "farm hand" mounted on an old truck is operated by Ed to put up most of the hay on the Reser farm.



A garden tractor that Ed made in his home farm shop.

A view of the neat and well improved Reser farmstead.

A "farm runabout" for quick trips and light hauling was constructed from a Model T Ford frame, eight-cylinder Pontiac motor, and parts from different types of cars and trucks.

The Resers have a large, well-equipped farm shop in one of the old barns, and Ed was given the responsibility of improving the building and rearranging the equipment for more efficient usage. He poured a new concrete floor and built work benches, tool cabinets, and bins for storage. Ed has learned to use all the equipment in the shop including the power drills, forge, lathe, electric and acetylene welders, and hand tools.

Besides greasing, servicing, and doing the minor repair work on the farm's trucks and tractors, Ed has completely overhauled some of them and has rebuilt a pickup truck. He knows how to operate the heavy diesel tractors, combine, and other machinery used on the farm.

When the family started a farmstead improvement plan, Ed helped with the construction work on the new house, barn, and farrowing house. In addition, he built a panel fence around the yard, set up an automatic watering system for the lawn, and installed labor-saving gates and stalls and automatic waterer for livestock in the barn.

Young Reser was an officer in the Walla Walla Chapter and won Washington's Star State Farmer Award in 1951. He is establishing a herd of registered Shorthorn cattle and has exhibited two grand champion steers at the Spokane Junior Livestock Show. . . .

And, by the way, Ed received the 1952 National Farm Mechanics Award.

busy welder

By NEWT WAKEMAN

FRED RATLIFF has converted his vo-ag training in welding into comfortable security. Fred, a graduate of Coast Union High at Cambria, California, is now the owner of one of San Luis Obispo County's foremost welding and machine shops.

His former classmates remember Fred as a young master at welding machinery for farmers in the high school area, and, today, local ranchers are strong in their praise of the hard work, honesty, and common sense of this personable young man. Whenever fast, efficient service is needed, whether it be welding irrigation pipe or tractor parts, he gets the job.

Upon graduation from high school in 1942, Fred went directly into the Army and served as a mechanic. Back as a civilian in 1946, he went to work in his brother-in-law's shop in San Luis Obispo. Six months later, he bought out his brother-in-law and established himself in partnership with Frank Love, a top-notch machinist. Together Fred and Frank built up a prosperous business in the city. In 1948, Fred purchased his partner's share in the shop and began to cater to a countywide string of customers.

Six days a week, 10 to 12 hours a day, Fred can be found either working busily in his shop or traveling to farms and ranches within a 3,000 square mile area. In the machine-filled shop, you will find a wide variety of work from all over this territory . . . work ranging from horse trailers to commercial bread racks.

A prosperous and growing business with machinery valued at over $10,000, a fine family and new home, many satisfied customers and friends . . . these are the securities that Fred Ratliff enjoys today. And, as he says, it all started with vo-ag welding work.

Fred Ratliff divides his time between his shop and ranches within a three-thousand-square-mile area.

The Wenigs are remodeling an old barn on a farm they bought recently.

An FFA Family in Action

By OLEN V. MANN

Assistant Editor, The Ohio Farmer

FEW FAMILIES can claim three state farmers and also have one boy with the coveted honor of American Farmer. This feat has been accomplished by three sons of a former teacher of vocational agriculture now farming in Marion County, Ohio.

This unusual accomplishment did not get its start when the sons of C. H. Wenig enrolled in vocational agriculture at Meeker High School. No, the story goes back much farther than that. It goes back to the year 1929 when C. H. Wenig, then a teacher of vocational agriculture at Coshocton, took a judging team to the Ohio State Fair.

He stopped to chat with a farm real estate agent and asked if there were any farms for sale in his native Wood County. However, the agency had a farm listed with nice looking buildings in Marion County. The agriculture teacher liked the appearance of the buildings and with his wife made a trip to look at the farm. He purchased the acreage, resigned his teaching position, and has been farming at Maplehurst farm ever since. C. H. said, "It was pretty rough at first and sometimes I wished I was back teaching. But we weathered through the winter."

Over a period of years four boys became a part of the Wenig household. They were Henry, Dwight, George and Ralph. Two years separate one from the next. Henry, the eldest, is 22 and Ralph, the youngest, is 16. All have taken vocational agriculture under Burdette Hunter, now in his tenth year at Meeker High. The youngest son, Ralph, is a junior and is pointing toward the State Farmer Degree. His three elder brothers received the honor while high school juniors and it's a good bet Ralph will do likewise.

The oldest boy, Henry, is a senior at Ohio State University and will graduate in agricultural engineering next March. Dwight and George are farming with their father in Marion County.

During their high school days the Wenig boys had a great interest in farm shop work. This interest was kindled by their father in a shop on the home farm. They've built a wagon, machinery trailer, grain elevator, two tractors, and do all their own repair work. You can bet that a lot of fine instruction in shop work has come from dad. The three oldest boys, Henry, Dwight, and George, have been named *Regional Winners of the Farm Mechanics Award.*

The Wenig boys have received a good boost on their way to becoming

farmers. And all expect to farm for themselves in the future. When they started to high school, dad provided the money to finance their projects. They paid him back the loan and put the profit back into their farming programs.

The home farm consists of 273 acres, and Wenig owns an additional 280 acres. Another 210 acres are rented, 50 acres of which are for pasture. This past spring 200 acres were purchased three miles from the home farm. Wenig said, "They got only $450 off the farm last year, but we'll get more this year than they've gotten in the last ten." The badly run down farm buildings are being re-modeled, and Dwight, with his recent bride of August, Mildred, a local farm girl, will move to the farm. All the boys wielded a hammer along with their father in making improvements on the house. Even Dwight's wife, Mildred, proved to be a handy carpenter.

Dwight — the second oldest — has been the outstanding award getter in the Wenig family. In addition to receiving the Regional Mechanics Award in Ohio and the State Farmer Degree, he was also made an American Farmer at the 1952 National FFA Convention at Kansas City. There to see him receive the honor were his wife and his parents.

He was Ohio's Star State Farmer in 1950. With this honor went $100 from the Future Farmers Foundation. During his junior and senior years in high school he was a member of the National Honor Society and in 1950 was one of 22 boys from the United States and Hawaii to be granted a National Popsicle Award for outstanding achievement and leadership. With it went a $100 bond, a medal and a certificate signed by Baseball Pitcher Bob Feller. The following year he was one of two out of the 22 to be given a college scholarship. This was to Syracuse University.

By the time he finished high school, Dwight's farming program had grown to include 200 market lambs, 10 acres of corn, 10 acres of wheat, one sow and litter, 18 acres of oats, 20 acres of red clover hay and 10 acres of soybeans. He has been cash renting 80 acres, but will take over the 200 acres his father recently purchased and farm it on halves.

Henry, the oldest, has used his project earnings to further his education at Ohio State University. While at school he works part-time in a factory. Every March he's back at the farm to help with the spring and summer work, and thus earn more money to meet college expenses. Part of his income comes from a hay baler, used for custom work, which he owns in partnership with Brother Dwight and his father. Henry also owns a tractor. In addition, the Wenigs do custom silo filling, and combining. Information Henry picks up at college is put into practice back home on the farm.

Dwight Wenig likes Western lambs best for feeding. The animals shown here were bought last October and will soon go to market.

Steers have been introduced to Maplehurst Farm since the Wenig boys started in vo-ag work. Last year 52 head were fed out. This year they have 30 more. Ralph has a half interest in 10 and George a half interest in another 10, with dad owning the rest.

George was also a member of the National Honor Society in his junior and senior years in high school. He, as did each of his older two brothers, served as president of the Meeker FFA Chapter.

Even with their large farming programs the boys have had time for other activities. George and Ralph played basketball and all the boys played softball. They are all grange members and have been active in the Methodist youth group.

There's probably not one person in that Wenig family that has thought more highly of the honors received than the mother and former agriculture teacher father. The keen interest in boys and the work of the FFA has stuck with Wenig. He started his boys at working in the home farm shop and gave them an outstanding chance to get started in farming. Work at the farm was not so pressing but what he and Mrs. Wenig could make a trip to the state FFA convention to see two of the boys receive the State Farmer Degree.

The elder Wenig in commenting enthusiastically on his recent trip to the National FFA Convention in Kansas City said, "Those boys at the National Convention can really handle a meeting. They do a better job than the officers at a state meeting of an organization I belong to." He has aided the local Meeker FFA Chapter in transporting boys to state events. And the boys think highly of him. They have made him an honorary member of their chapter. Hardly a summer goes by but what a couple of his old ag boys, some now teachers and extension agents, stop in to see him.

A high tribute is in order not only to the Wenig boys who have accomplished great things in FFA work, but to a father who has given of his time and energy to see that four boys had a good chance to get started in farming.

George Wenig welds in the shop. Three Wenigs have been Regional Farm Mechanics Award winners.

The FFA Supply Service is located on the site of the National FFA Camp near Alexandria, Va.

AT YOUR SERVICE

By BARBARA BLONDELL
Staff Writer

Into Box 1180, Alexandria, Virginia, flow thousands of orders each year for official FFA merchandise—orders for items from jackets to blankets, billfolds to paper plates, bookends to metal signs.

These and many more articles are carried by the official supply center of the FFA—the Future Farmers Supply Service—located on the site of the National Camp and operated by the National FFA organization.

Most Future Farmers have submitted orders to the Supply Service, but few know how they are filled, so let's trace an actual order from its start to finish.

Orders being taken by Lemaster Chapter's Treasurer, Richard Lamaster.

Each year at the beginning of the school term, the Service sends the vocational agriculture teachers a catalog of the items available in its stockroom or through companies on contract.

When vo-ag teacher James Wilson (Lemaster, Pennsylvania) received his new catalog, he posted it in front of the classroom. The boys in his department glanced through it and made their selections. Measurements were taken for jackets; and, in each class, a boy took up the orders and money, which he turned over to the Chapter Treasurer, Richard Lamaster.

On one of the catalog order blanks, Richard ordered neckties, an FFA songs record, mechanical pencils, identification bracelets, membership cards, jackets, and a sweetheart compact and pearl pendant.

Several days after being mailed, the order arrived at Box 1180. From there, it came to the desk of the Supply Service's Chief Clerk, Catherine Echard, then on to the Order Department. There, Jean Hanson, one of the girls in the Department, typed an acknowledgment card for the order on which she gave the approximate shipping dates for the merchandise.

Then she typed two Supply Service purchase orders—one for the items handled through the stockroom and another for the jacket manufacturer. They were checked for accuracy by JoAnne Grimes and placed with the growing pile of other orders. Buddy Watson brought the stack over to the stockroom, where Jim Arnold filled the order for Supply Service items and put the jacket order with the others being mailed to the company that day. Jackets are a very popular item (more than 50,000 were sold in 1952), and each day a large number of orders are sent to the manufacturers.

After the day's packages had been wrapped, Harry Andrews, Sales Manager for the Service, took them to the Alexandria Post Office. Within a few days, the stockroom items arrived at the vocational agriculture department; and, within three weeks, the jackets

were sent from the manufacturer. Incidentally, the boys of the Lemaster Chapter were quite pleased with the merchandise. In fact, several Future Farmers without jackets decided that, next time an order is made up, their names would be on the list.

Behind this procedure lies an organization that has grown from a small start in the spring of 1948 into a prosperous business. Each year, sales volume of the Service continues to climb, and, in 1952, business increased approximately 20 percent over the preceding year.

Keeping pace with the volume of business, the staff of the service has grown in five years from a manager and secretary to 18 permanent employees, with seven or eight girls added from September to January—the rush period.

The Supply Service is just what the name implies—a service for the Future Farmers. It is their organization—operated on a low markup, with a fair percentage of net profits turned back to each state association according to the value of its members' purchases. The money turned back to the state associations is in the form of a grant.

Behind the Service stands the National Board of Directors and the Board of Student Officers of the FFA. All official merchandise must be approved by them—all Service policies determined by them.

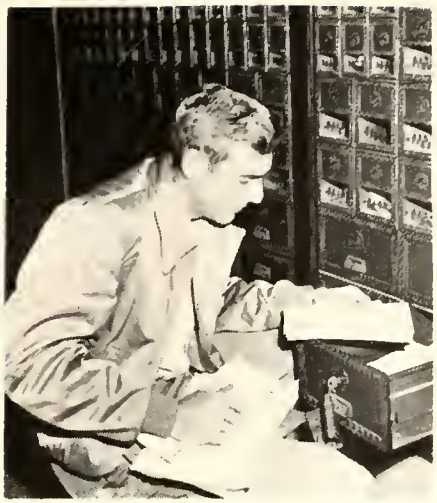
Between meetings of these national bodies, a Supply Service Committee, composed of three members of the Board of Directors, acts on Service matters.

Though these boards make the final decision on merchandise, everyone takes a hand in suggesting new items for the Service to carry. Future Farmers, teachers, and officers of state associations write in about what they would like to see in the catalog.

After the suggestion has been evaluated, the cost of the item and the potential interest in it are determined. Mr. Edward Hawkins, Manager of the Supply Service, gets bids and samples of merchandise, and the Supply Service Committee checks the material for quality. If the item is expensive to produce, inquiries are sent to the state offices to find out the anticipated volume of sales. Their response plays an important part in deciding whether the item will be carried. If there will be enough demand, the article is submitted to the Boards for final approval.

The Supply Service is run along the lines of a regular wholesale-retail business firm. Current prices and costs are watched closely, and estimates are made on the popularity of each item so sufficient quantities can be purchased.

(*Continued on page 55*)



Harry Andrews, Supply Service Sales Manager, picking up the day's mail.

Processing of Lemaster orders in the Supply Service's Order Department.

Copies of the orders being checked and filed in the Bookkeeping Dept.

Getting stockroom items on the orders wrapped and ready for shipment.

One of the packages will go to Lemaster, Pennsylvania—another to an FFA jacket manufacturer in Van Wert, Ohio.

Chapter Advisor James Wilson and the Lemaster Future Farmers seem quite happy about receiving the jackets.

NORTH CAROLINA OFFICERS

Directing the activities of 21,600 North Carolina members—second largest state organization—this year are five outstanding young farm boys. Left to right: Harold Lineberger, President of the Dallas Chapter; Dalton Elks, Vice President, of the Chocowinity Chapter; Ralph Massey, Secretary, of the Reidsville Chapter; Roger Hill, Treasurer, of the Pink Hill Chapter; and Homer Barton, Reporter, of the North Mecklenburg Chapter. North Carolina has a total of 438 FFA Chapters in 98 of its 100 counties.

RESEARCH PROGRAM

Don Meusch, Treasurer of the Atkinson, Nebraska, FFA Chapter, presents his chapter's check for $25 to Ernest Gotschall, Chairman of the Grassland Research Committee, as FFA Advisor Laurence Lang and County Agent A. Neil Dawes look on.

The Grassland Research Committee raised $5,000 to supplement funds furnished by the Experiment Station at the University of Nebraska for a research program to determine the effect of commercial fertilizers on meadows and pastures in the famous Sandhills of Nebraska.

In addition to contributing money, FFA boys are helping in the project by applying fertilizer to various plots, studying the results, recording results from the harvest, and analyzing grass plots.

(The National FUTURE FARMER will pay $5 for each black and white picture, with information, used on this page. Ten dollars will be paid for color pictures used. Pictures not used will be returned if the writer so indicates.)

HORTICULTURE JUDGES

Willis Sanders, of the Escalon, California, FFA Chapter, is shown here receiving the first prize trophy which his chapter won in the annual FFA horticultural exhibits at the California State Fair. Willis was top point-winning member of the team. Making the presentation, which was awarded by the American Can Company, is C. J. Carey, of the State Department of Agriculture. H. F. Chappel (second left), in charge of FFA activities at the fair, and J. J. Mattelaro, an advisor of the Escalon Chapter, watch the presentation.

UTAH CONTEST WINNER

Spanish Fork FFA Chapter member Burton Nelson is shown above receiving the gold trophy he recently won by exhibiting the champion bird in the Utah Chicken to Tomorrow Contest. Douglas Clark, also of the Spanish Fork Chapter, was second place winner of the show; and third place went to Bill Peterson, son of vo-ag instructor E. Smith Peterson of Salina. Kenneth Gurney, of the Salina FFA Chapter, was state winner in the New York dressed bird class.

Wanted:
Ag Journalists

By KEN KITCH
Head, Agricultural Journalism
California State Polytechnic College

A LIGHTER MOMENT IN AG JOURNALISM AT CAL POLY

THIS YEAR only a few—a pitifully few—farm boys are going to be training for a field in which they stand head and shoulders above everybody else.

Agricultural journalism offers farm youth a powerful opportunity to influence many thousands of people—rural and urban—toward better farming and better living. Yet, many a farm boy has ignored the possibilities of journalism simply because he thought he had to be a Louis Bromfield to succeed. If he didn't make "A" in his English, he figured he'd get an "F" in journalism. Let's get rid of that fallacy right now.

It is true that any boy who wants to be a journalist should know how to use English reasonably well. He should be able to describe things and relate events so that others can picture what he has seen and experience what he has felt.

But for ag journalism, he should do it simply. The boy who can write a letter from the county fair and make his girl wish she were there or the boy who can write such a report on his vo-ag project that, even if he's not on hand to read it, the other fellows will understand the entire procedure could probably become a competent agricultural writer.

There's nothing fancy about ag journalism. It is a practical, simple method of giving information, making suggestions, retailing ideas.

One of the most important requirements is that a boy like farming and farm people. Along with this, he should like to dig out facts, to keep on the inside track of new developments, and to talk with every type of individual.

Ag journalism isn't just writing. There are important positions for which writing is not a prerequisite. The boy who knows farming and likes selling could specialize in advertising, promotion, merchandising, circulation.

Farm journals desperately need men with such training plus a knowledge of agriculture. So do rural papers and the big city dailies. One metropolitan newspaper looked for almost two years before it recently found a suitable agricultural director, and I know of at least two others that are still looking.

These same opportunities exist in radio and television. Many stations are putting a premium on writers, program directors, announcers, and time salesmen with agricultural background.

There are many trade journals in the farm field—*Implement Record, Seed World, Fertilizer Digest* for example—and over a hundred breed journals constantly on the lookout for ag journalists.

Agricultural associations and cooperatives offer editorial and promotional jobs handling publications and membership affairs. Advertising agencies merchandising farm or allied products need copy writers and account men who know agriculture. An increasing number of fairs and expositions are providing year-round promotion and public relations positions. And don't forget that the state and Federal government services need information specialists.

Does an ag journalist actually need an ag journalism major in college? Can he succeed with a major in a straight ag field and an ag journalism minor? Your choice depends on your abilities and plans based on a discussion with the dean or department head of the school you wish to attend. At Cal Poly, we have students doing both. In general, for the student planning only four years of college, we recommend an ag journalism major (our ag journalists take about one-fourth of their work in ag courses, any way). For the boy willing to spend around four and a half years, we often recommend a double major of ag journalism and straight ag. For the student who hasn't selected another agricultural field, we advise animal husbandry as the most useful second major for men expecting to work in the West.

What high school subjects are needed? In addition to the standard subjects, all the agriculture, English, and public speaking possible. Typing is also an essential. And while it's not necessary, the journalist with shorthand has a mighty potent ace up his sleeve.

Is it worth all the time and trouble? Not long ago, Texas A. and M.'s Agricultural Journalism Department made a nationwide survey of schools offering this type of training and found the demand for graduates far exceeded the supply. During the past year, for example, Oklahoma A. and M. had only five ag journalists to fill 20 openings. Kansas State had a ratio of 50 to seven, and other colleges faced similar shortages.

From the beginning, American agriculture has suffered from its lack of "trained voices." Too often agriculture has been at the mercy of those who knew and cared little about it. In this time of constantly higher food costs, greater consumer resentment, more taxation, wider suburban infiltration of rural areas, and stronger pressure blocs, it is most important that agriculture find its "trained voices" to help knit our nation closer together in rural-urban understanding.

". . . Unc skidded along on his belly, then turned clean over and crashed down through the brush."

UNC LIKED BEAR MEAT

By FRANCIS AMES

I was visiting my Uncle Neb, out in Washington State, when I ran into the herd of bears. You'll say that bears don't come in herds, like cows, or maybe buffalo. They do out around Uncle Neb's sawmill in the blue-misted mountains of the Olympic range.

Uncle Neb's sawmill was a small outfit, employing a half dozen lanky, bearded men, snugged down in a narrow valley along the Skokomish River. The whine of its saws drifted over the darkly forested hills, where vine maple and fern bracken were entwined with fir and hemlock to build an almost impenetrable jungle wall about it. Prairie-reared as I was, I loved to loiter around the mill, scenting the sweet pungency of newly sawn timber.

Uncle Neb was a great kidder, a little man with a twinkle in his blue eyes, a cut of Climax tobacco always in one cheek, and long gray whiskers that he had to part when he ate. At supper every evening, no matter what was served, he'd look across at Aunt Sarah, fork poised, and say, "I'm getting hungry for some right down-to-the-earth bear meat. I reckon I'll go up the swale a piece one of these evenings and bore me down a bear with my hawg rifle."

He'd look slyly at me out of the corners of his eyes.

"Bear meat, son," he'd declare, "is even better than cougar. Soon as the blackberries are ripe on the mountain I'll be after some, sure as you're born."

Aunt Sarah would smile in that half-tired, kindly way she had, and her eyes would shine behind her spectacles, as though she too was enjoying the joke. Back home on the ranch the cowboys were great kidders, so I knew that I was being told what we call a circular story, which goes around and around and comes out nowhere.

"Sure, Unc," I'd say. "I'll go up and get one myself when the blackberries are ripe."

"You do that, son," Unc would wink at Aunt Sarah. "You just do that. But be sure you're man enough to chaw your terbaccer before you start out."

The sawmill was a hard master for Uncle Neb, not giving him the time during the week to spend with me on my vacation. On Sundays the old fellow liked to rest his weary, rheumatic bones in the hammock under the apple trees, while he told me tall tales of his past exploits. I liked him better than any relative I had.

It was along toward the latter part of August, about the time I was due to go back home to start school again, when I noticed that the blackberries were ripening fast along the river, hanging there in black, glistening profusion. I thought of Uncle Neb's liking for bear meat, not having any idea if it was good to eat or not, or if Unc had really ever eaten any. I didn't think that there was any game in this country, for I'd not seen any since my arrival. At home one saw game almost at every step—rabbits, sage hens, coyotes and such. Here a person only saw little chipmunks, tiny, gray birds that walked in the water along the river, and maybe a crow calling from the top of a big fir, lonesome like. Still, it would be adventure to climb up the mountain in the direction Uncle Neb always nodded when he talked of bears. I just might see one, and there were several guns hanging on the wall of the living room.

Aunt Sarah was down in the garden, picking late peas for our supper, when I called to her from the house that I was going bear hunting. She straightened, thrust a tendril of straight, gray hair behind her ear, smiled and waved back, and I wondered if she'd really heard what I had said. I looked at the guns on the wall, wondering which one was Unc's hawg rifle. I had a single shot twenty-two at home, and I knew a person didn't hunt bears with such, nor with the double-barreled shotgun with the hammers and the fancy design on the barrels. Way up on top, draped over deer horns, was a familiar weapon. Father had used one of these as a youngster in the Shattuck Military Academy in Minnesota. He had one like it, and often showed me how he used to drill with it.

"Hump, two, three, four." Father would roar, standing as stiff as a ramrod, beads of perspiration shining on his bald head as he went through the motions of throwing open the breech block, snapping his hand to an imaginary cartridge container at his belt, ramming the cartridge in the breech, snapping the breech block shut, aiming and pulling the trigger. When he did this he'd yell at the top of his voice, "Load, aim, fire! Fix bayonets! Charge!"

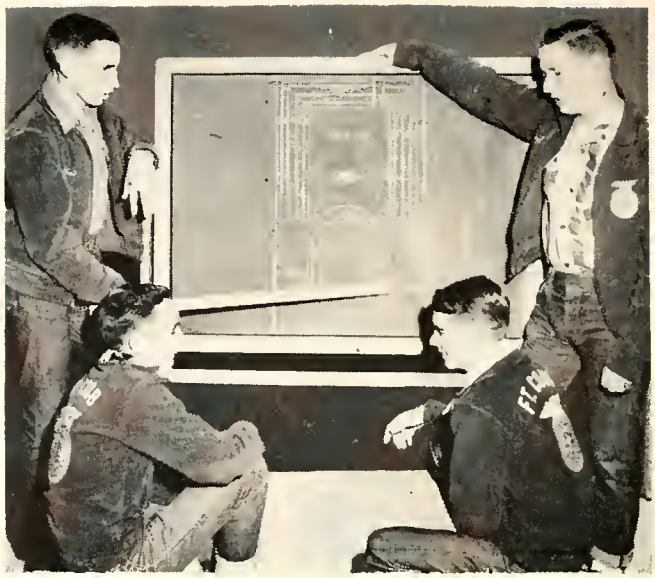
Father had the blouse of his uniform from the Shattuck Military Academy, powder blue, covered with black braid in intricate design. He couldn't get his big shoulders in it any more, though he tried. The blouse was too large for me, but I'd get into it and try to imitate my father, marching about the room with the long rifle, yelling.

(*Continued on page* 56)

Illustrated by Eric N. Ericson

to The Highest Bidder

By JACK PUTMAN
Oklahoma FFA Executive Secretary



Checking sale plans are division superintendents Tommy Ratliff, Walter Volz, Ronald Hodges, and Jimmy Rogers.

KNOWING HOW to put on a successful show and sale is all part of the requirements to get a grade in vocational agriculture for the FFA boys in the Fort Cobb, Oklahoma, Chapter.

John Kusel, local advisor since 1938, insists that *every boy know how to handle a show and sale before he graduates.* After all, 39 of the 45 members of the Caddo County Shorthorn Breeders Association are former Fort Cobb FFA boys—and four of the remaining six have had sons in the FFA. Kusel reasons that since the registered cattle business—an important enterprise of the community—hinges on good auction sales, he could find no better problem to teach.

Last year Kenneth Repp, Chapter President, was general superintendent of the show and sale, and all the division superintendents were Future Farmers. Kusel stays in the background, while the boys do all the planning and handling of the shows and sales.

Since the chapter owns all the facilities, the members are not charged commission fees of any kind. In fact, no one is paid for his work, not even the auctioneer.

The boys have owned and operated their show and sale barns since 1941, and they have steadily added to the plant since that time. With help from Fort Cobb businessmen, they staged a big barbecue, and sold tickets to it to finance their first buildings. The boys did the construction work themselves.

In later years, proceeds from a town carnival were given to the Future Farmers to add to their facilities. Cash required for the show and sale arena was provided by the Caddo County Shorthorn Breeders.

The plant, now valued at $15,000, contains a 60 x 48 foot inside arena with comfortable seating for 400 people. The hog and beef barns, crops and farm women's club buildings cover another 120 x 160 feet.

When the boys are getting ready for a sale, they start making plans weeks in advance. Everything is planned down to the smallest detail. They miss no bets—from seeing that the arena is clean and filled with fresh dirt, to issuing three types of invitations to prospective buyers.

Established buyers (ones who have bought stock in the past) get an invitation by letter which thanks the buyer for his past support, and gives him the dates of the upcoming sale.

Prospective new buyers get a letter outlining the program in more detail and assuring them of a hearty welcome to the sale and show.

Those who may be buyers in the future, but who have not indicated they plan to buy at this sale, get a still more detailed letter which gives them some of the history of the chapter, how the sale has grown, and what it means to the boys to have the support and encouragement of the businessmen. Each boy is required to invite three businessmen to the show and sale.

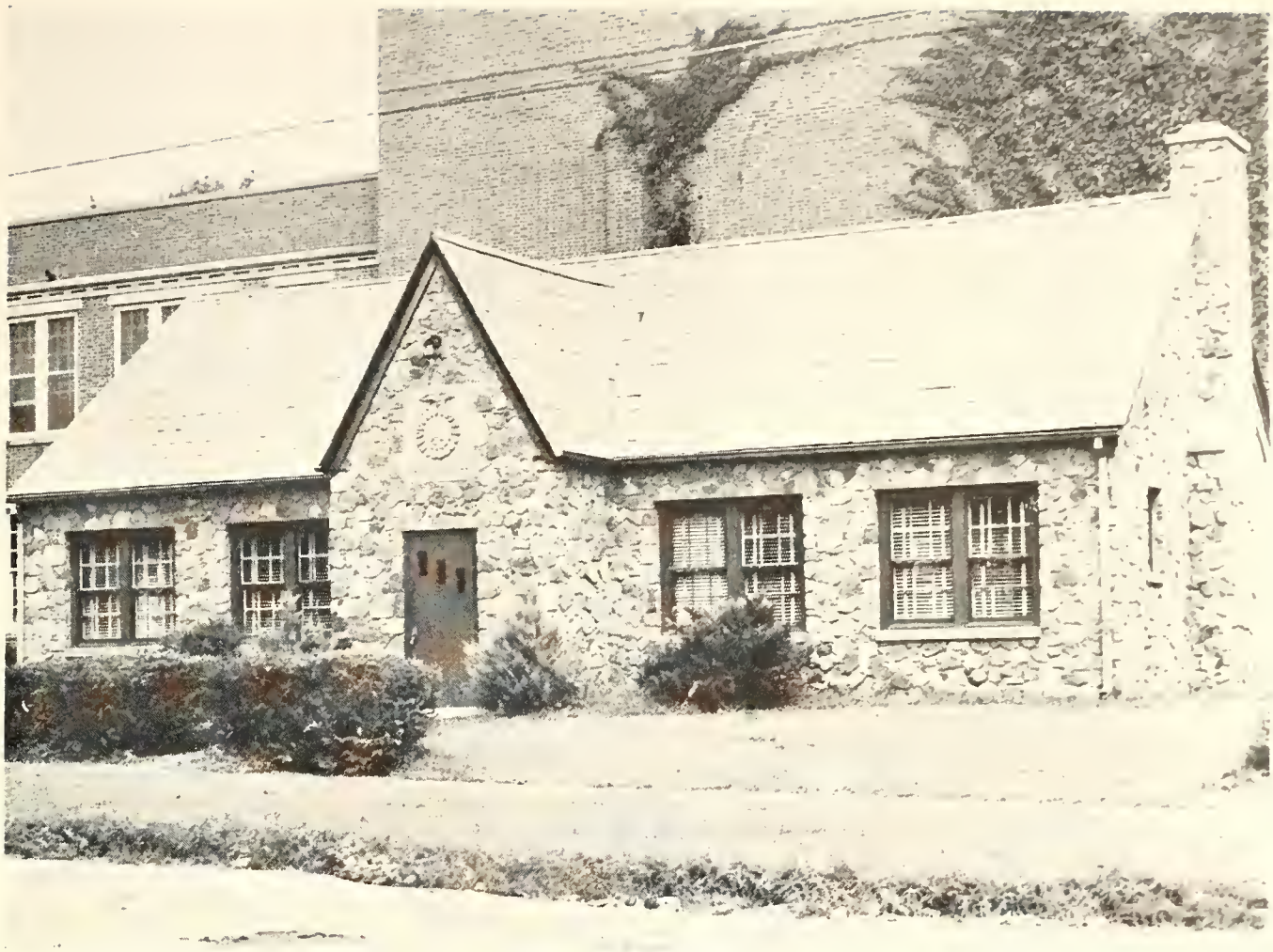
"See that guy that just passed? I sold him his car."

The boys have a pre-show the day before the gates are open to the public. This is a "dry-run" just to make sure the "machinery" is well oiled and the exhibitors know how to show their animals.

The day of the sale the chapter has a big feed for the buyers. Parents of the FFA boys bring in the food from home. The feed starts at 6:30 on the dot, stock are paraded at 7:00 p.m. and the sale starts promptly at 8:00. The boys have the system down to where the sale is over by 9:00.

When a prospective buyer arrives at the sale, an FFA boy is his guide. He sees that the buyer gets his plate piled high with steak, fried chicken, farm-made pie and cake. Then he sees that the man gets his favorite cigar and a good seat close to the ring. Kusel remembers the first year he tried out the system. When the dinner bell rang the FFA boys rushed the chow line and by the time they got through there wasn't anything left for the buyers. That taught the boys a lesson they'll never forget. Now everything is pointed to keeping the buyer super-happy.

When a buyer gets ready to buy, a boy hands him an official FFA pencil wrapped in a blank check. The buyer returns the signed check and keeps the pencil. "There are a lot of men around here with FFA pencils that cost them a lot of money," Kusel grinned.



The Clarinda boys really know how to work for the extras. They proved this when they got together and built . . .

A Chapter House

By HERBERT W. SANDERS

Staff Writer

FOR MORE THAN A DECADE the Brokaw FFA Chapter of Clarinda, Iowa, has enjoyed the advantages of a Chapter House. There are thousands of buildings for vocational agriculture, but not nearly so many devoted to the "extras" that go with the FFA.

In the words of Advisor Neil E. Johnston, "The Clarinda Chapter House has rather complete indoor recreational material now, all sorts of visual aid material, and is the one place in the school system, and for that matter in the town, which the rural boys can claim for their own.

"Under normal day-to-day use, girls are as foreign to the Chapter House as they are to the boy's locker room in the gym . . . it is a place the boys are proud to bring their friends on special occasions . . . it is doubtful if the FFA work could have continued here if the building had not been built. . ."

The main recreation room is 22½ x 33½ feet. A large stone fireplace is located at the east end, shuffleboard courts have been designed in the floor, and in the center are two full-sized ping-pong tables.

The building did not come as manna from heaven for the boys. They did all the woodwork, mixed all the concrete, and provided a lot of the other labor through exchange arrangements. Besides, they contributed some money of their own, raised by putting purebred gilts out on shares, and growing potatoes on shares.

While the $1,700 the school board put into the project was a lot more than it seems today, still it is the factual evidence that the Clarinda boys wanted a Chapter House—and did something about it.

They are now using it for classroom work, too . . . but they don't mind, because—"That's on a temporary basis."

THE RUGBY STORY

By M. E. WHITE, *Staff Writer*

Boys from this chapter have won first place in every competitive activity on a state level

Milton Westgard, Chairman of Rugby's Safety Committee, explains his fuel storage set-up to Advisor Erickson.

Located at the exact geographical center of North America is one of the outstanding FFA chapters of the country. This chapter has the distinction not only of being in the geographical center of this continent, but also of being in the center of the bread basket of America. Rugby, North Dakota, is an important agricultural area, and the Rugby FFA Chapter is an important organization in the area.

The boys in the Rugby Chapter exemplify the progressiveness for which North Dakota is noted. Qualities of leadership, cooperation, and good business sense which have enabled North Dakota to achieve a highly developed system of cooperatives are easily recognizable in the boys of the Rugby FFA Chapter.

Two American Farmer Awards have gone to Rugby boys, and since 1945 about one in every four of the State Farmers has been from this chapter. For five straight years, the Rugby Chapter won first place in the State Public Speaking Contest. Between 1944 and 1952, boys from this chapter have won first place in every competitive activity on a state level.

In 1951, the chapter went all out for a realistic safety program for their community, their school, and their homes. Their efforts were nationally recognized when they won the FFA Farm Safety Contest. But whether they had won or not, the time and thought the boys put into their safety program made it individually rewarding not only for the present but for a whole lifetime.

Putting reflector tape on farm implements that might be on the roads at night, publicizing the need for farm safety by plays, pamphlets, and talks —these and literally hundreds of other safety activities were enthusi-

astically entered into by the boys under the guidance of their equally enthusiastic chapter advisor, Don Erickson.

Finding the time for so many safety promotion activities seems difficult enough, but the Rugby boys went even farther. They conducted an extensive survey of 496 farms, checking from every conceivable angle the safety features of the individual farms. From the ground to the chimney, they looked at each farm with one question in mind: "How safe is it?" Ashes, oily rags, lightning rods, exhaust pipes, plowed firebreaks, harnesses, sewage disposal units, and fuse boxes all came in for their share as the boys prowled around, with the full cooperation of the farmers of the area, who have learned to sit up and take notice when the Rugby FFA gets started on a project.

Out of their experiences in the field of farm safety promotion, the chapter has developed a handbook, available to all FFA chapters, which gives, in an easy-to-use check list form, detailed suggestions for promoting farm safety. The booklet covers transportation practices, using equipment and power tools, handling livestock, working in the farm shop, using caustic, poisonous, and inflammable materials, preventing fires, using electricity, practicing sanitation, and other safety features at home and school. In addition, the handbook has 10 Fire Survey blanks which members may use in inspecting farms in their communities in order to bring clearly to the attention of local farmers the vital importance of farm safety precautions.

The thoroughness with which Rugby's FFA boys tackled their farm safety program is typical of their approach to their other FFA activities. Many hours are spent between the runways of the Rugby airport, for it is here that the chapter farm of 145 acres is located. In addition, the chapter averages more than four productive projects per member each year. The returns from the crop and livestock projects usually total more than $75,000. Beef cattle and durum wheat are big money makers for the boys.

Farmers, bankers and businessmen around Rugby have more than just a casual interest in the FFA chapter. From the time of its formation in January, 1934, the chapter has grown steadily until it now averages about 60 members, and Rugby's citizens have watched this growth. As the chapter grew, more boys wanted to start various farm projects but many of them lacked the money to buy equipment, seeds, or livestock, or to pay rent for land. Believing in the sincerity, as well as the capabilities, of the boys, a group of farmers started soliciting $10 contributions from other farmers, bankers, and business men. They collected $1,400. Then, in 1947, they organized a Rugby Chapter Foundation to provide financial backing for worthwhile FFA projects for individuals who need such support, as well as to provide working capital to operate the chapter farm. The aid which the Foundation gives the FFA boys is strictly on a business basis; boys who borrow from the fund repay the loan from the proceeds of their projects.

From the president down to the newest Green Hand, the boys of the Rugby FFA Chapter are eager to participate in the chapter activities whether they be on the farm, at school, or at FFA meetings. They have developed a different and very enjoyable way to hold the weekly meetings of the Executive Committee. The committee meets for breakfast at 7:15 on Wednesday mornings at a local restaurant. It's an informal meeting, and the committee finds it an effective way to get their business completed—even though it means getting up earlier than usual one morning a week.

But life in Rugby's FFA Chapter isn't all serious business. The program of work for the coming year includes many social and recreational activities which promise to be even more fun than last year's. Folks around Rugby are already looking forward to the 1953 edition of the Future Farmers Follies, which the boys put on annually, partly to raise money for the chapter treasury but mostly because they have so much fun rehearsing and staging the show. Last year's Follies had a cast of 45, including the chapter orchestra, a ventriloquist act featuring three-foot chapter member Willie Haverstaw and six-foot-three chapter member Gilly Berdahl, and a chorus "girl" line that was a real show-stopper.

Another FFA affair well known in Rugby is the annual Parent and Son banquet. Over 300 people attended last year. The banquet, the chapter farm, the safety program, and the Follies are just a few of the many activities which keep the FFA very much in the center of things.

Directors of the Rugby FFA Foundation, probably the only group of its kind.

The Rugby Follies as put on by the local Chapter is quite a gala affair.

PARTNERS

The pride a father holds in his son knows no more joyful moment than that day the boy has reached the stage of mature judgment and knowledge that justifies his being made a full partner in operating the home farm.

From the proud moment of birth, through the toddling stages of childhood, Dad has coached and encouraged son toward the accomplishment of this day. He taught him to perform the myriad routine tasks of a farmer's work, molding in his own hands the life that would someday replace him on earth. As the boy grew, he was given greater responsibilities. He had farm projects of his very own to tend, providing incentive for him to develop stronger interest in the farm.

In high school, he studied vocational agriculture to learn more about the science and business of farming. The teacher became a familiar visitor on the farm, adding his guidance to Dad's. Frequently, son brought home new ideas and convinced Dad they were good. Through participation and activities of the Future Farmers of America, he developed abilities in leadership, learned to cooperate with his fellows, and began to assume his responsibilities to the community.

Then came the day when the son owned enough assets to make a business-like arrangement with Dad for a full share in the total farm. The father would have many more years of useful work, but he welcomed the vigor of youth in his enterprise. The investment amassed over a lifetime would provide the foundation for even greater achievement by father and son continuing to work and prosper together, realizing that, in a coming generation, another boy will stand on this hill with Dad, viewing the heritage that was wrought by God and developed by the toil of partners.

—JOHN FARRAR

(From the 1954 FFA Calendar)

"Partners," the painting by Harold Anderson on the 1954 FFA calendars.

Make a Date

By PHILLIP NOBLE

Staff Writer

MAKE A DATE in '54 with the prettiest little public relations worker ever to sing the praises of the FFA! More than a quarter-million of them will grace American homes during this year.

If you haven't guessed, we're talking about the official FFA calendars. Hanging on the walls of homes, schoolrooms and business establishments, they're eye-catching salesmen on duty the year-round telling people what the FFA is and showing them with full color photos what the members do.

The 1953 FFA calendars, all of which will probably have been distributed by the time this article is in print, feature the organization's 25th Anniversary with the theme, "Improving American Agriculture." Since calendars usually are ordered a year or so before they're distributed, if you don't have a 1953 issue, it's too late to do anything about it. There's still plenty of time, though, to get in line to have these attractive salesmen working for your chapter in 1954.

Since 1949, the National FFA organization has had a contract with the Osborne Company of Clifton, New Jersey, to produce and distribute official FFA calendars. With a nationwide sales organization consisting of several hundred trained representatives who cover the entire continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska, the Osborne Company is in a good position to secure the maximum distribution of the calendars.

Only 49,000 of the 1949 FFA calendars were sold. Distribution has increased steadily since then, though, and more than 250,000 of the 1953 calendars have been sold. The Osborne Company has set its distribution target for 1954 calendars at the total of at least 400,000.

Here's a public relations medium that makes money for FFA chapter treasuries, rather than taking it away. Osborne salesmen are directed to call on the advisor of the FFA chapter before he sells calendars in a local community. He asks the chapter to recommend a bank or local business to sponsor the calendars. If the chapter agrees to assist in placing the calendars in the best locations, it will be given a 10 percent commission on the sales.

A meaningful painting by Harold Anderson, one of the nation's top illustrator artists, is the feature of each FFA calendar. The 1954 calendar painting, reproduced here, depicts the theme of father-son partnerships.

The "home" calendar, specially designed to provide an attractive calendar for display in the home, features Anderson's painting on the cover, and

(*Continued on page* 62)

When Future Farmers pull together, things get done!

The Results

By A. R. COX
Florida FFA Executive Secretary

ASK ANYONE in Trenton, Florida, about their Future Farmers of America, and they'll be proud to cite a long list of winnings and doings.

Hitting the high spots, the chapter's record is a story of achievement through cooperation since the Trenton Cooperative was organized in 1946. The year 1947-48 brought a State winner in the Chapter Contest and a Silver Award in the National; 1949-50 a first-place winner in the State Contest and a Gold Emblem in the National; 1950-51 a State Cooperative Award and a plaque for being one of the five winners in the National Cooperative Contest. And in 1952 Trenton, not content with placing first in the State Cooperative Contest, won the highest honor in the nation *because of their achievements in farmer cooperative activities.*

The placing for the national award is based on a 1,000-word report and group action pictures showing the cooperative activities of the competing chapters. Major emphasis in this contest was placed upon activities which took place during the 1951-52 school year. The award provides up to $1,000 for expenses incurred in bringing the FFA chapter advisor and five representatives to the summer session of the American Institute of Cooperation.

Against stiff competition from four other state winners (chapters in Winona, Minnesota; Bremen, Ohio; Moroni, Utah; and Plymouth, Wisconsin), Trenton, Florida, won the top spot in the nation and attended the Institute at Michigan State College, East Lansing, on August 10-14. The National FFA Chapter Leadership Award on Cooperation is one of the many educational and training activities in farmer cooperatives sponsored by the AIC's Youth Education Division, directed by Howard McClarren. Let's look at some of the FFA activities in Trenton leading up to this national recognition.

A Need and An Answer

As a result of a survey, a chapter cooperative was organized in Trenton in 1946. The survey found that boys

Trenton Chapter boys display the 1952 National Chapter Leadership Award on Cooperation of the Youth Education Division, American Institute of Cooperation. Behind them (l. to r.) stand J. K. Sterus, President of AIC; H. E. Brown, Chapter Advisor; J. G. Smith, Dist. Supvr. of Ag. Educ.; Jack Matthews, Chairman of the Youth Committee, Florida Council; and L. B. Lindsey, Trenton H. S. Principal.

Trenton Chapter's award-winning achievements are..

of Teamwork

were paying up to $10 more per ton for fertilizer, $8 more for feeds and 50 cents more per pound for watermelon seed than they would have to pay through a cooperative. It was also found that money could be saved by marketing farm products through a cooperative. Therefore, Trenton needed and wanted an FFA cooperative.

From the beginning the newly organized FFA Co-op handled farm supplies and marketed commodities grown in the area. These services were carried on not only for the benefit of the FFA, but also for Veteran-on-the-Farm Training members and other farmers until January, 1950. At that time it was decided that a local farmers' purchasing cooperative should be formed to take over the supply business done by the FFA Cooperative with those other than chapter members. As a result, the Tri-County Farmers Cooperative was organized and Jack Matthews, a member of the Veterans Class and an adult advisor to the FFA Co-op, was named manager. Tri-County is now a flourishing concern, and they attribute part of the success to the spadework done by the FFA Co-op.

The Chapter Co-op is patterned on the same principle as Tri-County Co-op, on a smaller scale, while at the same time it is performing some new services. The volume of business done is not large when compared with the figures for most cooperatives having adult members, but it is mighty impressive to the boys. During the past year, they marketed through their own Co-op more than $12,000 worth of products from the chapter farm, another $14,000 worth for the chapter members, and they handled more than $10,000 worth of farm supplies for the chapter farm and members. These products and supplies included watermelons, purebred boars and gilts, slaughter hogs, corn, tobacco plants, tomato plants, hay, fertilizer, feed, peanut seed and watermelon seed.

The FFA Co-op furnished several other services for its members, farmers in the area, and the Tri-County Co-op. Here is a sampling:

- Sprayed 1,000 acres of watermelons and sweet corn.
- Provided breeding service to 90 animals by purebred sires.
- Mixed 50 tons of homegrown feeds.
- Mixed and sold 600 pounds of internal parasite medicine.
- Repaired many farm tools and pieces of equipment.
- Grew tomato and tobacco plants on the chapter farm for Tri-County to sell.
- Helped Tri-County move into a larger building.
- Put on a purebred cattle exhibit for the Tri-County open house.
- Worked part days at Tri-County to learn how a cooperative operates.
- Built self-feeder livestock mineral mixture boxes for Tri-County to sell.

It's hard to tell exactly how much money was saved by marketing farm products, purchasing supplies, and performing all the other services cooperatively, but a safe estimate would be $3,000 more realized from the $46,000 worth of farm products sold, $1,200 less paid in the purchase of supplies, and $800 saved in performing services when compared with what would have been the case without the Co-op.

Learning To Do

The boys have learned and experienced a lot through working with farmer cooperatives. They say that this association has given them valuable training in public speaking and in conducting meetings by parliamentary procedure. Here are some examples of this broader experience:

- The Trenton Chapter was responsible for starting a Cattlemen's Association when such a group became necessary. The boys attended meetings and furnished speakers for one meeting.

"Let's forget the firewood—we're warm enough now."

- The FFA attended sales of the Gulf Marketing Cooperative, learning while they sold $3,500 worth of hogs through this Co-op.
- The boys were speakers at various Farm Bureau, Credit Association, and Florida Council of Farmer Cooperative meetings.
- They assisted in taking 400 soil samples on area farms.
- They worked on a survey of home appliance needs.
- The chapter took several field trips to visit other cooperatives.

In and Out of School

The Trenton FFA realizes the importance of a close working relationship with other school and community groups. They find many opportunities for furthering these relationships. One is the chicken supper which the chapter and the P-TA sponsor the first of each school year. Parents come and get acquainted with the FFA program, meet the teachers, and hear the principal outline the school program for the coming year.

A corn contest is another chapter activity and, at a dinner meeting each year, parents and guests see the winners awarded plaques and cash prizes. A scholarship committee is still another facet of this group—the purpose of the committee being to improve and maintain the scholarship of the members. The Athletic Association of the school receives the cooperation of the chapter, both in athletic contests and in money-raising when help is required.

The boys were more than glad to assist the Future Homemakers in a campaign to get a girl from Trenton elected to a state office. The Future Homemakers returned the favor by preparing campaign material and writing letters in behalf of Jackson Brownlee, who was elected State President, Florida Association, FFA. Incidentally, the Trenton Chapter has furnished more state officers than any other chapter in Florida!

In the community, the FFA assists in such national drives as the American Red Cross and Infantile Paralysis, and gives as generously as possible out of chapter funds.

Through cooperative efforts, the Trenton FFA has learned to work with other organizations.

QUAIL HUNTING

By L. I. SAMUEL

North Texas Area FFA Advisor

IT WAS EARLY on the first Saturday of the quail season when I drove up to the Champion Farm five miles west of Alvord, Texas.

A light Norther had blown in during the night bringing clear weather, with a temperature of about 45 degrees. Just the right kind of day for quail.

Mr. Champion and his sons, John and Wallace, were doing the morning chores when I drove up and began unloading the dogs and hunting gear. I had made arrangements with John, who was an applicant for the State Farmer Degree that year, to get in some shooting as soon as the season opened.

John had the schedule all set so that he was to hunt with me until noon, when he would take over the plowing and let Mr. Champion join me for the afternoon.

We were out about 20 minutes when the dogs began working carefully and I knew we were near birds. Andy, an English Setter, soon pointed in some high weeds bordering a maize field, and Rock, a lemon and white Pointer, backed him staunchly. John and I took our time getting placed where we thought we would have the best shots on the covey rise, and I kicked into the weeds. Out came about 15 feathered streaks headed straight for the post oaks! I emptied my three-shot automatic and John fired twice with his bolt action 16. The dogs brought in four birds—but only after one bird gave them quite a chase.

We followed the covey into the oaks, where several birds flew from where they had been sitting on the limbs of the trees. Although we did not get any of these, the dogs pointed a small brush pile. I kicked it and out plummeted three feathered bullets. We both managed to get off two shots, and the dogs brought back two more birds.

Nine shots and five birds! No record, of course, but not bad. Especially when you consider the last four shots were in light timber. Andy and Rock were as pleased as we were, and anxious to be off again. We headed back to the fence after deciding we had taken enough birds from the first covey—being helped in our decision, probably, by the fact that they were scattered all over 15 acres of post oaks.

It wasn't long before Andy and Rock struck the scent of another covey, and followed it down the fence and into an old field that was covered with sunflowers. Near a very thick, high bunch of sunflowers, not far from a water tank, the dogs came to a beautiful point. Again we got set, thinking the birds would try for the tank and brush near it. We flushed them, and we were right. Again I emptied my gun and John fired twice. This time only three fell, and one of them was only wounded. John immediately gave chase while the dogs brought in the dead birds—and what a chase it was! We all got in on it, and finally Rock had to spend five minutes digging him out of a varmint hole.

Back at the tank Rock pointed a clump of Bermuda grass on the dam, and two birds boiled out, one headed for the maize field and the other across the tank. John dropped the first with a fine shot, and I took the other and stopped him right in the middle of the tank. Andy, the Setter, swam out and retrieved it, and John was elated. It was the first time he had ever seen water retrieving.

By this time it was pretty hot, so we worked back to the car, had a drink of water, and counted our birds —as if we didn't know how many we had all the time. John made the remark that we shouldn't stop on 13, and, of course, I agreed—especially when he said he knew where a

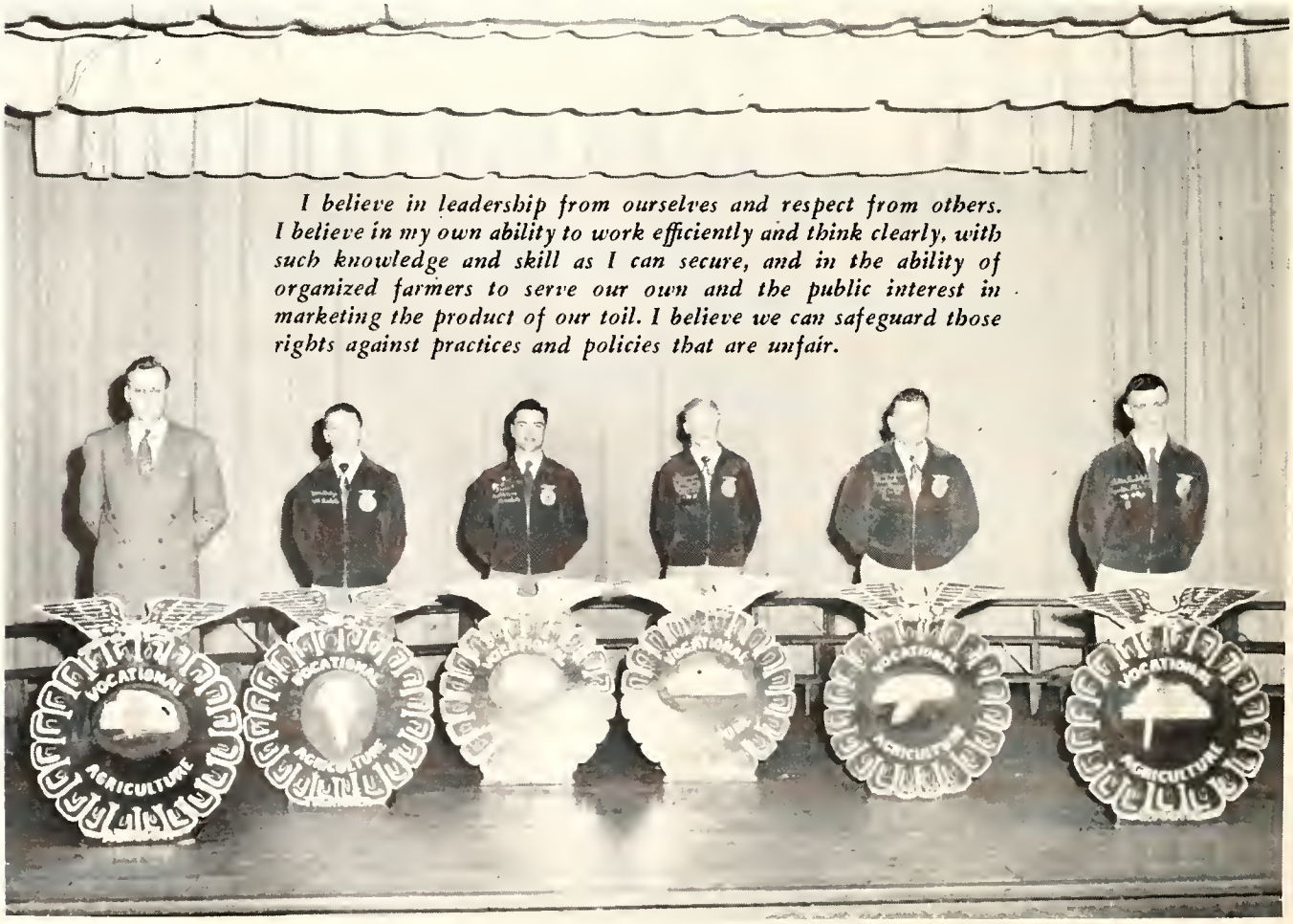
(*Continued on page* 62)

The FFA Creed

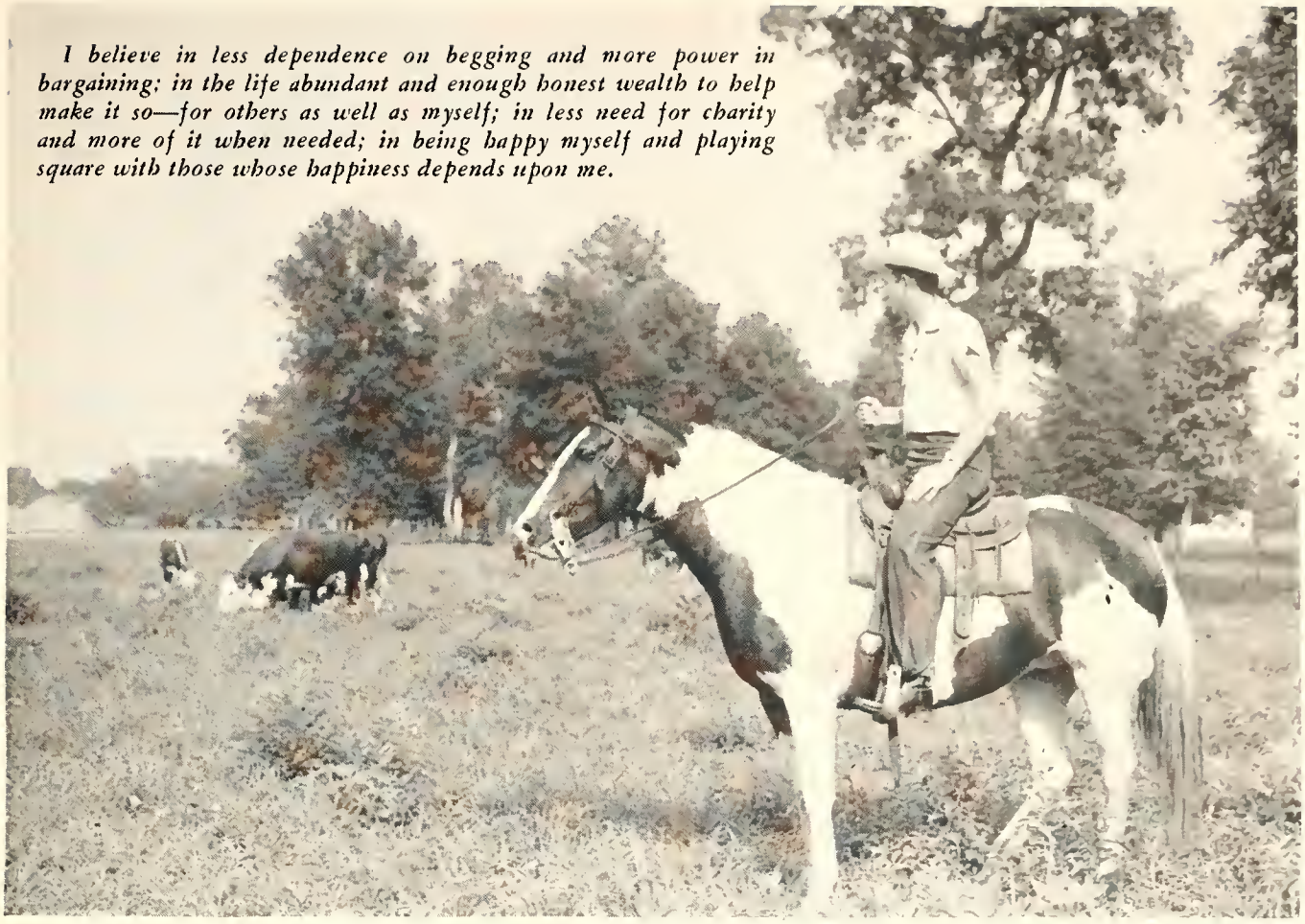
I believe in the future of farming, with a faith born not of words but of deeds—achievements won by the present and past generations of farmers; in the promise of better days through better ways, even as the better things we now enjoy have come up to us from the struggles of former years.

I believe that to live and work on a good farm is pleasant as well as challenging; for I know the joys and discomforts of farm life and hold an inborn fondness for those associations which, even in hours of discouragement, I cannot deny.

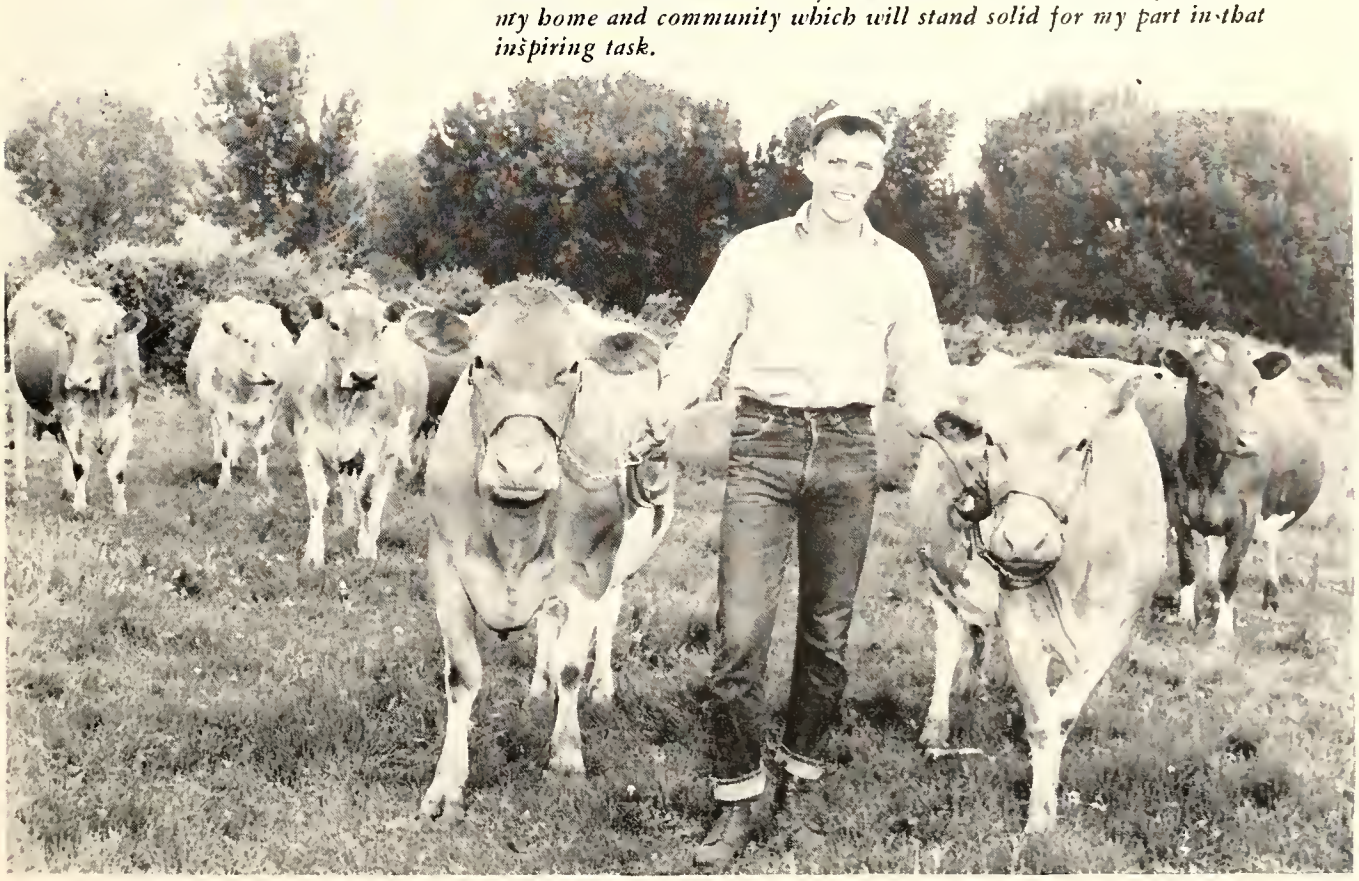
I believe in leadership from ourselves and respect from others. I believe in my own ability to work efficiently and think clearly, with such knowledge and skill as I can secure, and in the ability of organized farmers to serve our own and the public interest in marketing the product of our toil. I believe we can safeguard those rights against practices and policies that are unfair.

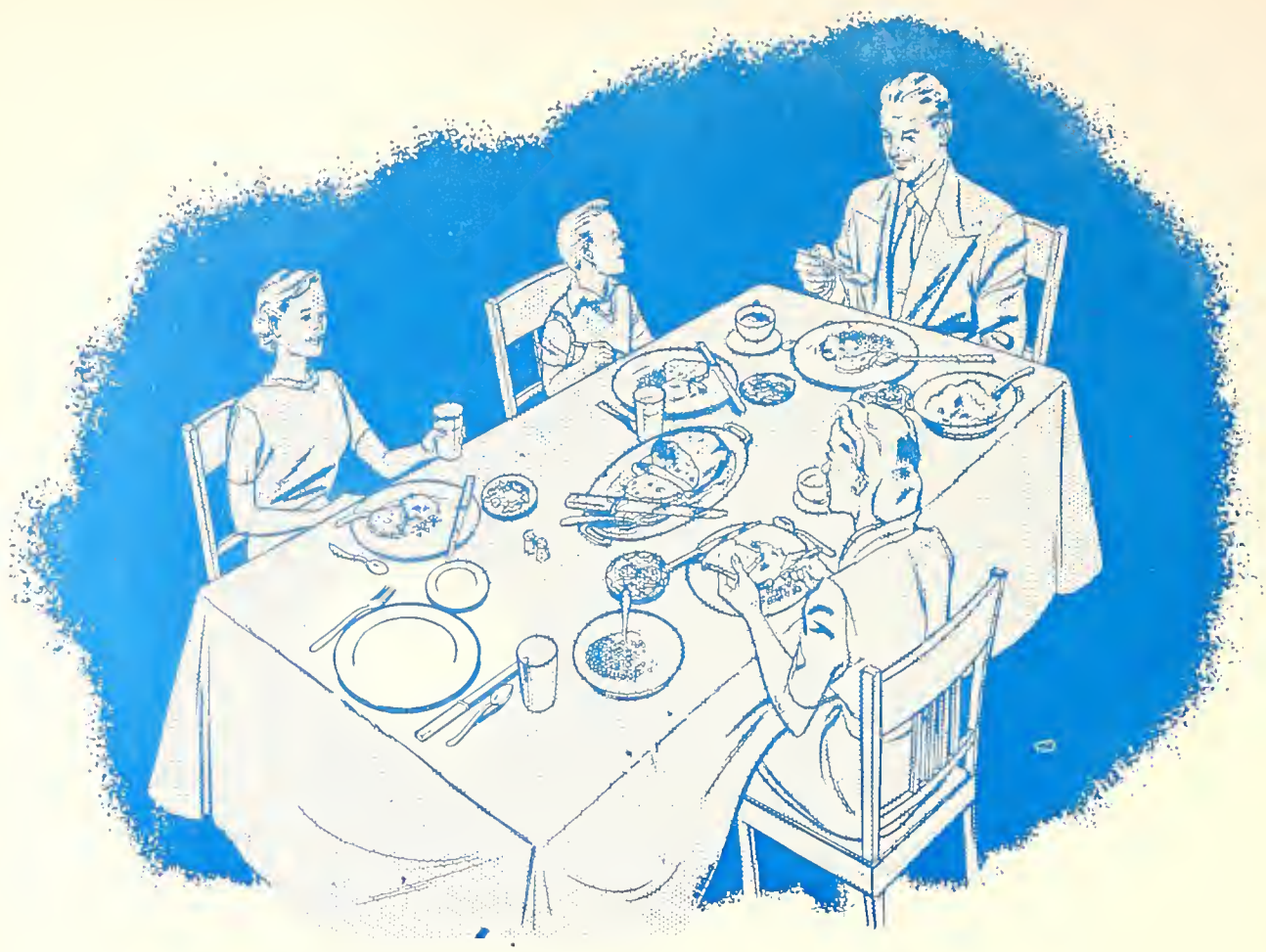


I believe in less dependence on begging and more power in bargaining; in the life abundant and enough honest wealth to help make it so—for others as well as myself; in less need for charity and more of it when needed; in being happy myself and playing square with those whose happiness depends upon me.



I believe that rural America can and will hold true to the best traditions in our national life and that I can exert an influence in my home and community which will stand solid for my part in that inspiring task.





THE 5th PLATE

By BILL PRINCE

This is a story of people and land and food. Our population is growing at the rate of about two million persons a year. The number of our productive acres to feed these people is *not* keeping pace with this growth!

The number of people in the United States is increasing at the average rate of 6,000 persons a day. That's 250 people an hour, or 4 per minute. This is a net increase!

That is all very interesting, you say, but what does it have to do with me?

It means simply this: By 1975 there will be at least 190 million people in the United States—for every four people who sit down to a meal today, there will be five sitting at that same table in 23 years. And the 5th plate has to be filled.

Let's talk about what this means to you for just the next 25 years.

According to the estimate of the Bureau of the Census, made in 1950, at the present rate of increase, the United States population will *exceed 200 million by 1975*. There were 152 million in 1950.

Thus we see we are getting more consumers of food, even with a conservative estimate of 190 million—yet, at the same time, *we are not getting more producers of food*. The number of people on farms is declining steadily. That is why these facts can mean so much to the Future Farmers of America.

Take a look at how much more meat, milk, and eggs will be needed to supply the oncoming population with about the same amounts as we have had in recent years. (Bear in mind the fact that nutritional standards *are still too low for good health* for a large percent of our population.)

In order to feed 190 million people the same amount of meat each of us eat now, we would need an additional 5½ billion pounds annually. This means about 10 million more cattle, 20 million more hogs, and 3⅓ million more sheep would have to be slaughtered each year.

Now, in order to support this slaughter, we would need 100 million more cattle, 121 million more hogs, and 30 million more sheep. Naturally, all this increase in livestock would automatically demand more feed.

We are now producing about a quart of milk a day for each person in the United States. Production would have to be *70 billion quarts* to give each person a quart a day in 1975. To produce this much milk we would need either six million more

milk cows, or an additional 615 quarts each year from each cow. Actually, of course, the increase will have to come from both sources. Again, this means improved hay and pasture lands, and more forage and grain.

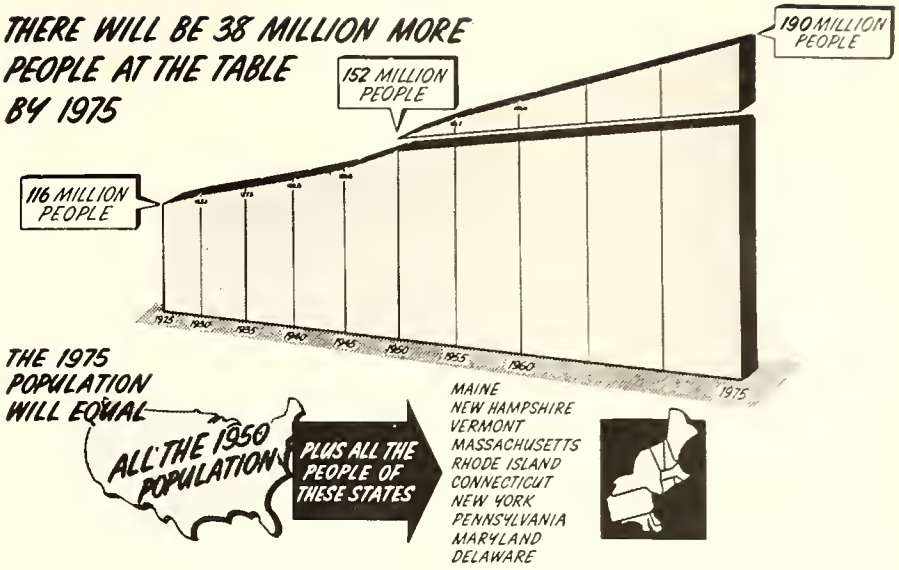
We have been producing about 395 eggs a year for each person, but in order to feed 190 million people this same number, production would have to be increased *1¼ billion* dozen annually. This would require either 87 million more layers—or an increase in the laying average of 43 eggs per hen. This average was 167 in 1950, and actually has increased rapidly in recent years.

As in the case of milk, however, the increase will have to come from both sources—from a larger laying flock and an increase in production per hen. And, here again, we need more feed, grain, and protein.

We are producing all farm commodities at record levels now. But if we want to supply 38 million more people as well as we are supplied now, production will have to move on up *at least a fifth above 1950*. We could get this production if we could find another 100 million acres of crop land. For nearly 400 years we have been able to take care of the increase in population by moving west and opening up new land. This is no longer possible. Only a fraction of the needed increase in production can come from this source. Most of the additional production must and will come from building up present acres—through a vertical rather than horizontal increase.

That is where you come in—the challenge is before you. In short, we must produce on four acres what we are now producing on five. It can be done. The Future Farmers of America can do it!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of two articles concerning your future in farming by Mr. Prince, from material and illustrations furnished by the USDA. The second, which will give information on filling the 5th plate, will appear in the Spring issue.)*



(*Continued from page 21*)

saw a single deer do the same thing a few minutes later.

In the space of two hours, I counted fifty-odd deer which came from all directions, many of them unquestionably from some distance away, as their tracks later proved. All crossed the river. Both the men in our party who were on the other side killed the bucks they wanted. Yet the deer did not return in fright, even from the vicinity of the shooting, to my side. Two days later, the drift back began. But apparently only of deer which had originally been in that territory. Why? What had been the urge? What physical reaction had caused this minor migration? This odd rite is well known to deer hunters who are close observers, yet no one knows the reason for it, or has ever seen any unusual action of the animals once they have made their temporary shift to new ground.

The fantastic and catastrophic migrations of Arctic lemmings—a small rodent—which cause them to rush headlong into the sea by thousands has never been explained. Neither have sudden movements of squirrels, a phenomenon which rather commonly occurs in the U.S. At such times gray squirrels will begin traveling by hundreds, perhaps from an area where food and living conditions are Utopian. They seem to have no purpose, yet all are headed hurriedly in the same direction.

A fox which has just gorged itself at a kill will pause, if it hears hounds upon its trail at that time, to regurgitate its food before starting what may be a long, hard run. How does it know that an empty stomach runs better than a full one? Your guess is as good as the next. On the Arctic islands where tens of thousands of seals come to give birth to their young, the beaches are crawling with baby seals while the mothers go out into the sea to feed. When the mothers return, each hunts for its own youngster and will not accept another. Yet each seal pup is as much like another in size, color, voice, and smell—so *we* think—as peas in a pod.

There is another seal mystery that,

Byron W. Dalrymple has combined his love of nature with a style of writing that is punctuated with bits of philosophical, colorful comments. He is fond of mixing his facts with yarns and homespun talk. Dalrymple is a contributor to such magazines as Saturday Evening Post, This Week, Coronet, Pageant, *and* Farm Journal.

if solved, could have extremely far-reaching effects upon humans who study or work in and on the oceans. Certain species of seals feed at great depths in the sea. In their stomachs are found a species of fish which mankind has never seen alive, a fish of tremendous depths. The seals must go down several *hundred fathoms* to catch these fish. Seals are warm-blooded animals, just as we are, and they must breathe air, as we do. It is impossible for human divers, no matter how excellent their equipment, to reach such depths, because of the fabulous pressures. Even if a diver could reach such depths, he would have to be raised a little at a time, for many hours, to avoid death from the "bends." Yet these seals dive down into that permanently dark unknown, and come back up again on a single "tank" of air, and with no ill effects. No matter how carefully man has dissected these seals, looking for evidence of their method, the puzzle has never been solved.

We sometimes get the idea nowadays, what with the strides constantly made in the sciences, that man has unlocked the gates to the entire flood of existing fact. But, though we have been able to pin down the atom and the molecule, and seem even on the verge of soaring out to explore interplanetary space, it is paradoxical that among even the most common living things we are so often stumped. I stood one day beside a stream near the seacoast, watching scientists collect fish from a horde of darting silver forms that were working their way inland to spawn. The men were looking for some particular individual fish. It seemed like a preposterous undertaking, yet the biologists were willing to bet that they would find the ones they wanted.

Several years previously, they had tagged thousands of tiny fish which had hatched from eggs on the spawning grounds in this same stream. These fish were of the type known as "anadromous," which means that they spend their childhood days in a freshwater stream, then go down it to the sea, where they live for several years until full breeding maturity, after which they return to fresh water to spawn. The tiny tagged fish had, the biologists knew, eventually gone out to sea. There they had roamed over literally thousands of miles of uncharted saltwater. This was the year they would mature and return to spawn in freshwater. And, amazingly, they would return to their "parent" stream, the stream where they were born.

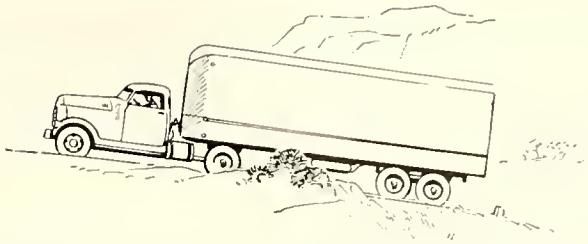
I stood there watching the operation at a dam, where a fish ladder forced all upstream spawning migrants to pass and be counted. And I simply could not believe this could be true. Then suddenly a haul of fish came up in the collector's net—and there among them were two shining specimens, with the dated metal tags showing plainly, and a clipped fin, a secondary marking, also quickly in evidence! How could a bundle of life in one of the lower brackets, with so small and primitive a brain as a fish, find its way from a great blue nowhere, after years of forgetfulness, direct to the place of its birth?!

The wonder and exasperating defiance of nature overwhelmed me at that moment. Yet this was only one mystery among millions. Did I detect laughter from the clouds? I asked the young biologist: why? how? He grinned and shrugged. "The mysteries," he said, "are an answer in themselves. They are a constant reminder. Did you ever stop to think what would become of progress, and of man, if to all the questions posed by our amazingly intricate surroundings we had every answer?"

Traffic Jam

Her car got stalled in traffic,
it irked the guy behind;
She pulled out every gadget,
her nervous hand could find;
As he kept right on honking:
she looked back with a smile . .
"If you'll come start this motor,
I'll lean on that awhile."

WILMA SHIRLEY THONE



Exclusive "Big Truck" Features make GMC's the "Big Buys"

IT'S no accident that GMC farm trucks have features that match heavy-duty construction points in GMC's largest highway haulers.

We build them that way to stand up under the constant wear and tear of farm work.

When tough going demands extra drive, these GMC's have it. It's delivered by a rugged GMC power plant built *exclusively* for truck service—stamina-packed from fan belt to flywheel! Just like the biggest GMC's, this husky power is guarded by full-pressure lubrication and the newest airplane-type bearings.

When field chores call for off-the-road duty, "pillow-action" springs and shock-insulated cab mounting cushion driver, truck and load. They're two more features that match the largest GMC models. And recirculating ball-bearing steering action means passenger-car handling no matter where a GMC works.

But check for yourself the heavy-duty construction that makes every GMC farm truck a solid performer. See your GMC dealer. Discover why GMC's last so long on the busiest farms today!

GMC Truck & Coach Division of General Motors

A General Motors Value

Boys in Korea had a touch of home for Christmas through efforts of the FFA

IN PUERTO RICO

Shown above are a few of the Puerto Rican FFA boys who canned food for shipment to Korea to brighten Christmas for Puerto Rican servicemen there. The FFA boys raised almost all the food themselves.

By C. V. MATTERS
Department of Public Instruction

THANKS TO THE FUTURE FARMERS and other organizations in Puerto Rico, thousands of Puerto Rican soldiers in Korea enjoyed real Puerto Rican food for their Christmas dinner as a change from the A-B-C-K-L-M alphabet rations.

In the fall of 1950 the Turabo Chapter of Future Farmers of America had a new topic of conversation besides baseball, school and their farm projects. They were talking about their brothers, cousins and friends who were with the Puerto Rican 65th Infantry Regiment in Korea.

The Puerto Rican boys were finding the cold weather of northern Asia hard to take, being used to year-round spring and summer weather. Also, they were getting awfully tired of Army rations. They wanted a taste of home cooking. Wasn't there some way their families could send them Puerto Rican food so they could have a Christmas dinner with the special dishes so characteristic of the *Noche Buena* (Christmas Eve) midnight supper?

One of the Turabo Future Farmers got the idea that their group could do something. They knew how to can food stuffs from their work at the school canning unit. They also had most of the ingredients needed, things they had raised themselves—chickens, pigs, rabbits, plantains, guavas, sour oranges, chick peas, pigeon peas and many other vegetables and fruits.

The FFA chapter president, Afortunado Aponte, liked the idea. He discussed it with their advisor, Gonzalo Rivero, who endorsed it wholeheartedly. President Aponte presented the project to the chapter. The response was overwhelmingly enthusiastic! And their neighboring chapter in Rio Caña (Cane River) immediately borrowed the idea for themselves.

From this simple beginning has grown an Insular project that, in 1952, found approximately 4,000 Future Farmers working at 65 different canning centers to give Puerto Rican soldiers a Christmas feast. And the result was thousands of cans of Puerto Rican-style chicken with rice, pork with rice, pork with chick peas or pigeon peas, rich vegetable and meat soups, rabbit fricasse, *pasteles* (a chicken or pork filling covered with grated plantain and yautia, wrapped in plantain leaves and boiled), guavas, green papaya and sour oranges in heavy syrup, pastes and jellies of coconut, guava and orange. Of an estimated 20,000 cans prepared for the soldiers in Korea, the Future Farmers were responsible for 5,000. Except for the rice and a few seasonings, they had raised all the food necessary for this canning project.

This is not the first time the Future

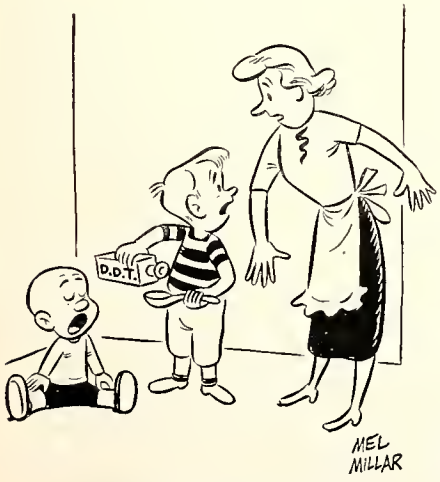
Farmers in Puerto Rico have used their farm products to help others. In 1946 they contributed 1,500 cans of foodstuffs to help the devastated areas of Europe.

Such activities have given added interest and incentive to the work of the Puerto Rican chapters, which now number 106 with an active membership of 7,011. They had 10,000 acres under cultivation this past year. And to their efforts go credit for bringing the Commonwealth much closer to the food production goals set for this small island of about 3,500 square miles with a population of almost 2,500,000.

The Future Farmers' work with the schools has been especially commendable. They have used the 1,000 acres of the school farms for subsistence crops and for swine, rabbit and poultry projects. This produce has been of considerable help to the extensive school lunch program of the Department of Education. It also brings them an annual income of some $30,000 (their one-third of the farm schools' sales)—a small but very welcome help to the low-income rural homes.

Investments totaling $20,000 were made last year in home projects through loans granted by the FFA Loan and Award Association in Puerto Rico. This Association, created by the Insular Legislature in 1946, offers financial help for the purchase of purebred livestock or poultry, seeds, fertilizers, spray materials, equipment and other farm needs.

Future Farmers of America in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico are doing their share, and more, toward changing the Island from a one-crop agricultural economy into a balanced agricultural program that will mean better use of the land and better health for its people. They are really "Living to Serve."



"He swallowed a fly."

The rain that benefits ...can also DESTROY!

LIKE most of nature's blessings, rain isn't always as beneficial as it might be. Often it destroys what it helps build . . . washes away our crops or the soil around root systems . . . starts sheet and gully erosion . . . silts our streams, blocks rivers.

Yet with proper land management, the right tools and the knowledge of experts, farmers can prevent the destroying hand of rain. It means keeping the rain up on the hills through contouring and strip cropping, planting marginal land to timber, filling in gullies, planting grassed waterways, building ponds.

It takes tools like drill planters to follow the contours, one way plows to throw the soil up the hills and build terraces to help hold the soil in place. It also means holding soil with the high stubble left by Self-Propelled combines . . . breaking up hard pan with sub-soilers and chisels so heavy rains soak in quickly.

Here at Massey-Harris there's a continuing program of improvement and design . . . a never-ending policy to develop the machines and power the farmer needs to make more profitable use of his land, more profitable use of his time.

Soil conservation is a job for everyone. For the farmer who's land is at stake, for we who build the power and machines he needs to get the job done, for those who guide and instruct the nation's 6,000,000 farmers.

Make it a Massey-Harris

North America's fastest growing full-line Implement Company

A Banquet for a Million

By LOWERY H. DAVIS
Former Advisor, Lexington, Alabama

Winfred Davis, Alabama State FFA President, addresses the guests.

A PARENT-AND-SON banquet is traditional with most departments of vocational agriculture. It is estimated that during the remainder of this school year, nearly a million people will attend this kind of banquet put on by Future Farmers throughout the United States, Puerto Rico and Hawaii.

For any undertaking to be so widespread, it must be mighty well received in the local communities. And that means a lot of good sound planning is behind it all.

Still, even the best chapters are always looking for new ideas. With that thought in mind, I have set down a few points based on our experiences with parent-son-and-daughter banquets—which are always undertaken jointly with the FHA.

Webster defines a banquet as "a feast, often ceremonious and followed by speeches." A banquet should certainly be a feast, but not necessarily followed by speeches. A parent-son-and-daughter banquet should serve more purposes than a feast. It should provide a means for the guests to be entertained, have a good visit with friends, and learn something of the chapters' activities.

From the students' standpoint, a banquet should provide an opportunity to plan and work together. It should be planned so that every member can make a contribution. Then every member gets a great deal of self-satisfaction in seeing a worthy project successfully completed. It has been our experience that if the banquet is properly planned by the students, the carrying out of these plans come as a natural result.

We enjoy working with the FHA. Besides, we realize the value of a helping hand from the girls. This does not mean that the girls do all the food preparing, serving, and cleaning up. The boys work right along with the girls whether it be peeling potatoes, making place cards, or operating the dish washer. In short, we have no "boys' jobs" and no "girls' jobs" as such.

We are fortunate in having facilities large enough to accommodate 300 people. This enables each member to invite both parents.

Our banquet is planned from one year to the next. The date for the banquet is set at the beginning of the school year so other school functions can be held without conflict. It is usually held either on Tuesday or Thursday night during National FFA Week. There is very good reason for these nights in our community. Our school is consolidated, embodying several outlying communities. Wednesday night functions in the school are discourfaged because of midweek church services. We have found that better attendance results and last minute details can be handled more easily by not having the banquet on Monday or Friday nights.

The school principal, faculty members and cafeteria supervisor are informed of the banquet and arrange-

Fellows and gals alike pitch in to help when clean-up time comes around.

ments are made for all committee work to be done during school hours.

The executive committees of the chapters set up necessary committees and act as a coordinating agent for them.

There must be close coordination between the various committees. For example, the invitation committee must work closely with the foods committee so that an adequate amount of food can be prepared, and with the decoration committee so that place cards and seating arrangements can be made.

The committees, together with their respective duties and responsibilities, are as follows:

1. Menu and Food Preparation Committee—
   a. Decide menu that can best be served.
   b. Determine number of people expected.
   c. Determine amount of each food necessary.
   d. Find which students can bring what food and amount.
   e. Set up subcommittee responsible for receiving each food and preparing it.
   f. Make arrangements with cafeteria supervisor to use cafeteria facilities.
   g. Arrange for cafeteria supervisor to purchase additional food (rolls, salad dressing, etc.) through wholesale grocer.
   h. Coordinate preparation and serving.

2. Invitation Committee—
   a. Send card to each parent three weeks before banquet.
   b. Make out guest list and write individual letter. The guest list includes: supervisor, superintendent of education, members of Board of Education, honorary members, members of school faculty, school trustees, neighboring vocational agriculture and homemaking teachers and local legislator.
   c. Make available to decoration committee names of people planning to attend.

3. Program Committee—
   a. Make out well-rounded program, not over one and one-half hours, including time required to eat. Include entertainment, allow for group participation as well as informative program.
   b. Arrange for people to appear on the program, program sequence and any rehearsing that may be necessary.
   c. Coordinate program with serving committee so that both may be carried on at the same time if necessary.

4. Decoration Committee—
   a. Decide appropriate motif.
   b. Make place cards.
   c. Prepare table decoration.
   d. Set up public address system.
   e. Set up spotlight, movie projector, etc., if necessary.
   f. Set tables.
   g. Prepare programs.

5. Reception Committee—

We have open house of the entire school plant for one hour before eating time. This provides for the early arrivals. Students serve as guides as well as explain the function of various areas of the school and answer any questions. Our guests assemble in the audiorium and are escorted by ushers to their table in the cafeteria. This eliminates confusion that would result from 300 people attempting to find their places.

6. Serving Committee—
   a. Arrange for necessary serving trays, coffee pots, sugar bowls, and cream pitchers.
   b. Number tables so that each boy and girl will know the table and location of the table for which they are responsible.
   c. See that food is served properly and when needed.

7. Clean-up Committee—
   a. Arrange for subcommittees to clean dining room and kitchen.
   b. Remove garbage.

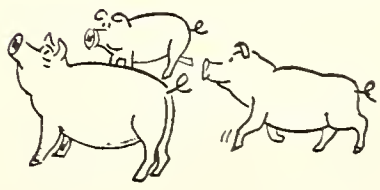
Remember the parents and other guests are there to see and hear the boys and girls as well as to enjoy the food.

Items that have appeared on our programs at various times are:

Invocation
Opening and Closing Ceremony
Welcome address and response
Special musical numbers (piano, string band, quartet)
Group singing
Skits
FFA Emblem Ceremony
FHA Emblem Ceremony
Address by State FFA Officers
Awarding of Honorary Chapter Farmer Degree
Awarding of Corn Production Prizes by local bank
Brief description of Degrees with roll call of members holding each degree (standing as a group)
Introduction of Honorary Farmers (as a group) and introduction of guests.

Usually the FFA and FHA presidents serve jointly as master of ceremonies.

You will notice only students appear on the program, except in cases of making or receiving awards or responding to the welcome address. The adults prefer it that way.



Destiny of Our Soil

(*Continued from page* 13)

of district affairs, and should not in any way encroach on district responsibility. If by working through the district directors in a genuine spirit of mutual helpfulness and friendly cooperation more conservation can be done for the dollar spent, people generally are going to be pleased.

It has taken time and hard work to get up to this point with the conservation program. It took some 25 years to arouse enough interest in the problem to get a program of critically needed research started, and then additional years to work up to an action program of land treatment. But now, at long last, we are leading the world in permanent soil and water conservation work. It is being done with a degree of effectiveness and at a rate that was not thought possible a few years ago.

There are today about 2,500 soil conservation districts in the 48 states, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. They include the unbelievable area of a billion and three hundred million acres, three-fourths of the country's farmland, and more than four-fifths of all the farms and ranches in the United States.

Through these districts the SCS technicians have developed around a million complete conservation farm plans providing for treatment of more than 250 million acres. More than 140 million acres in districts have already been treated.

It is significant, I think, that over the past 18 years our conservation accomplishments have, each year, more than surpassed those of the year before, even though working facilities have not increased in corresponding proportion.

Probably a third of the job for the nation has now been finished up to the stage of maintenance and improvement. Continuing at the present rate of progress, the remaining part would be completed (up to maintenance) in about 35 years.

A few actual measurements of rates of soil loss by erosion and accompanying loss of rainwater, under different land conditions, used for different crops, will illustrate the evil effects of erosion and the beneficial effects of conservation.

At the soil conservation research station in the Red Plains section of Oklahoma, near Guthrie, the soil loss from continuously-grown cotton on unprotected land was 625 times faster than from sod and the rate of soil loss was infinitely greater.

A very important conservation measure is to readjust land use so as to have grass or trees on the steeper land and the inter-tilled crops on the gentler slopes. Look at some of the measurements made at the Upper Mississippi Valley soil conservation research center. Here nature's way of land protection (with grass) was 1,117 times as effective as man's method of growing corn on a 16-percent slope without protection from erosion, and 5 times more effective in the retention of rainfall.

Generations of liverworts—maybe you call them moss—growing on solid rock are slowly—very slowly—bringing about a decomposition of the rock's surface and adding their decaying remains as organic matter to create soil.

Thus a single conservation measure had an enormous effect on the control of erosion and retention of rainfall. Other conservation measures probably would further reduce the losses —as strip cropping, terracing, and the use of manure and fertilizer.

Now let's turn briefly to the relation of soil conservation to flood control.

In a sense, flood control and erosion control are inseparable. Effective soil conservation to a very large degree is dependent on conservation and management of water. Every additional gallon of water stored in the soil through the use of conservation measures means one gallon less contributed to flood flows.

A first step, then, in flood reduction and proper water management is to put the soil in optimum condition for maximum water intake. This will require the maintenance of a good soil structure with good crop rotations, a good cover of vegetation wherever practicable, and efficient mechanical structures, wherever required. What excess water runs off fields into the small headwater drainages must be slowed down with small water-retarding structures, and what flows out of these will call for larger downstream engineering structures, as reservoirs, levees, and floodways for relieving peak flows.

The job of control, then, begins where the rains fall — at the very uppermost ends of the lesser drainageways—and does not end until the runoff reaches the ocean.

In no event can watershed planning and treatment be accomplished overnight with some magic formula—though it takes heavy rains and excessive runoff only a few days, or hours, to do irreparable damage to land and property.

We cannot depend on windshield surveys and office planning to carry out a job of the magnitude and technical complexity of successfully safeguarding our farmlands and controlling floods. Nor can we have a ready-made plan including a fixed set of practices to slap on any farm or watershed. Land and the behavior of water falling on land differ from watershed to watershed, from farm to farm, sometimes from field to field. Thus every watershed and each distinctive parcel of land in every watershed must be dealt with according to its complementary relationship to every other parcel of land—wherever there is any significant relationship.

We have learned through experience that modern soil conservation keeps land productive and increases per-acre yields. We haven't yet ascertained the exact ultimate capacity of land, but we have learned that, where properly safeguarded and kept in the

fields and out of reservoirs, stream channels, and the oceans, land's power to produce is enough to meet the needs of the nation for decades.

Modern soil conservation calls for the use of *all* adaptable *measures needed to keep the land permanently productive.* To do this we are using around a hundred different conservation measures in this country.

When a farmer starts practicing soil conservation he will usually find that there are many things to do in order to carry out a good and lasting job. First, he will want to find out what his different parcels of land are best suited to produce—cultivated crops, trees, grass, or livestock. He may need to drain one field and irrigate another, or do both in still another field. Almost certainly he will need to rotate crops on all of his cultivated land, install a safe water disposal system for the entire farm, stop gullying, and fence livestock out of the farm woodlots. He may need to keep the ground covered part of the year with cover crops or mulch. He will, of course, want to use the best varieties of plants and the best machines for his farm.

If any part of the farm has been depleted of plant nutrients, the deficiency should be met by the addition of suitable fertilizer. If wind is blowing the soil, the farmer will need to set out windbreaks and preserve crop stubble to reduce the erosion. Lime should be used where needed, and all the manure that can be produced under his type of farming should be scrupulously saved and applied to fields and pastures.

This calls for intelligent farmers—men who know what their land needs and who will apply the needed measures. That is why courses in vocational agriculture are offered in the public schools, and other programs are operated to help farmers, young and old, increase their knowledge of agriculture. All America is interested in the development of the farmers of the future, for the destiny of the soil is in their hands, and the destiny of America is in its soil.

❖ ❖ ❖

At Your Service

(*Continued from page* 29)

As in other types of business, however, it is difficult to predict how much of a particular article will be sold. One state advisor decided that the local chapters in his state should have chapter signs posted coming into and leaving their towns. An order for several hundred signs came in and temporarily cleaned out the stock of chapter signs. The Supply Service rushed a request for more merchandise to the sign manufacturer and held up other orders for signs until the new shipment arrived. With them, the unexpected is always expected.

An unwritten Supply Service policy is to furnish the best quality merchandise for the lowest possible price. For example, there has been a recent change in the type of printing on FFA outdoor signs. Future Farmers are now getting a sign with a more durable paint job at the same price.

This change resulted from the comments made by several local advisors at state conventions. Mr. Hawkins picked up these comments and consulted the manufacturer about the possibility of lengthening the life of the paint. A plan was then worked out for using a better process at less cost per sign.

Aside from the regular functions of the organization, the Supply Service is called on to perform other duties. Local teachers and state associations inquire about the appropriate type of clothing or equipment for special occasions. They ask where they can purchase non-FFA merchandise, or they request items that the Service does not carry. In each case, the Service cooperates as fully as possible in supplying the information or finding suitable merchandise.

Many Future Farmers have purchased articles at the Supply Service booth at the state and national conventions. Many know of the Service through hearing its annual report read at the National Convention or seeing advertisements in *The National Future Farmer.* However, more publicity is needed to acquaint every Future Farmer and vo-ag teacher with the merchandise — and purposes — of the Supply Service.

Supply Service Manager Edward Hawkins with his secretary, Virginia Robeson, and the Assistant Manager, Faith Rathke.

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● Other donors will be listed here in future issues.

(*Continued from page* 33)

"Hump, two, three, four, aim, fire, fix bayonets, charge!"

And here on Uncle Neb's wall was an identical rifle, a single shot 45-70 Springfield, with the ramrod under the barrel. Probably Uncle Neb had gone to military academy, too. This, then, was his hawg rifle.

I rustled around in Unc's bedroom, found his ammunition box under his bed, located some 45-70 cartridges, among a lot of others. The cartridges looked mighty old, with green scum on the brass of some of them, and mighty deadly. I took some, was about to slip out of the house with the Springfield, when I saw a pound slab of Climax chewing tobacco on the shelf in the back porch. Thinking of what Unc had said about being sure I was man enough to chew my tobacco before I went bear hunting, I cut off a nubbin of the stuff and slipped it in my shirt pocket.

As you leave Uncle Neb's house you step across a dusty logging road into the brush. When you step into the brush in the Olympic Mountains, you're all alone. The forest is big and soundless around you, and if you stand still and listen to it you begin to get scared.

I started to climb up the mountain, looking for the swale that Unc always talked about. He had told me that the ground leveled off up high, with a spring above it coming down on a meadow, where clumps of blackberry brambles grew on old stumps, big around as houses, the berries six to the quart.

It was tough climbing, with fern bracken higher than my head in places, tangled with vine maple and laurel. When I'd fight through a place like this it was nice to come out into the big timber again, where the fir tops hummed with the wind off the ocean and the fir needles fell on a carpet of six inches of moss. It was dark and mysterious here. Walking along with the Springfield thrust out before me gave me a feeling of being Daniel Boone in the wilderness.

It took me quite a while to find the swale, but when I saw it I purely knew that it was the right place. The forest swept down steep off the mountain, hit where the swale leveled off and stopped short, jumped over, to pitch down again to the sawmill and river. Standing there, looking the place over, I could hear the saws sending their song up to me, and it seemed that Unc was close beside me in this wilderness of big trees and fern.

I had to break through the fern to reach the meadow, where the ground was damp from the spring above, lush with grass, with clumps of blackberry bushes spotted about like city houses on small lots. I felt kind of let down

when I noticed that the grass around the berry clumps was all trampled down, like a lot of folks had been picking berries here in me and Unc's wilderness. And then I saw the bear!

I'd never seen a bear before, but when you see a bear there's no mistaking it. This one was on all fours, with his head rammed into the blackberry brambles. As I looked he sat back on his behind, just like a man, reached up a paw and pulled down a stringer of berries, ran his tongue along it, crunched down and the black juice ran out the back of his mouth. I just stood there gaping at him, wondering how he could do that without getting stickers in his face.

He got another mouthful of berries, chewed on them, turned his head and saw me. He didn't move a muscle. His big jaws stopped working and he leveled his nose right at me, eyes black and deadly. That's when I remembered the Springfield, and Unc's liking for bear meat, that I was supposed to be hunting.

The bear looked like he was appraising me to see how good eating I might be. I could just feel how I'd scrunch in those terrible jaws. Easing back the rifle hammer, finding the long barrel hard to hold up, like I did the twenty-two, I reckoned it was about lined up, and pulled the trigger.

My father must have been awfully strong when he was in the military academy, hollering "One, two, three, four, load, aim, fire, fix bayonets, charge," because that rifle could kick harder than any horse on our ranch. The sound of it was deafening in the swale, where the forest threw its bellow back at you. A geyser of dirt kicked up at the bear's rump. He just reared up with a yowl and charged right through the blackberry clump. He purely rode that clump down.

I got up off my back, where the jolt of the rifle had landed me, and ran around the clump to see him come out. But I was too late. He was out and running around another clump. Another bear came rushing around the clump, too. They rammed together lickety-snort. They both went down and wrestled around on the ground like two men in fur overcoats. The big one that I had shot at got up first. He hauled off and slapped the other one viciously. The other one let out a blood-curdling roar and first thing I knew there were bears rushing all over the place, and I heard Uncle Neb yelling in the ferns like crazy.

I ran around the blackberry clump to see Uncle Neb charging through the ferns, waving a rifle that I'd never seen before wildly over his head, his gay hair standing straight up and his long beard splitting in the wind over his bony chin.

"Duck out, boy!" he screamed. "There's a passle of bears on the loose."

The quick thought came to me that I'd better not let Unc catch me hunting bears without chewing my tobacco, so I popped the chunk out of my shirt and into my mouth. A great, big bear came galloping around a clump, bounding along like a rubber ball, grunting something fierce every time he hit the ground, like the time our old sow got out when we were all dressed up to go into town to have our pictures taken together before my brothers went away to war. My mother said that that picture looked simply terrible, on account of our best clothes being all rumpled up from chasing the sow to get her back in the pen. My father finally got mad and grabbed the sow by the back legs, swung her around his head and threw her into the pen. I wondered if Unc could do that to the bear that was charging right at him, lickety-snort.

Unc hauled up short when he saw what was coming, closed one eye clean shut, whomped his rifle to his shoulder. But the bear whirled straight around when it saw him and ran right at me. I never was so scared in my life. I yelled at the top of my voice and shook the Springfield at him. The bear turned and then I heard Unc's rifle go off. The bear staggered, roared with rage, went tearing across the swale, and tumbled over the edge into a narrow ravine.

"Watch it, son!" Unc yelled as he went by me with his beard streaming in the breeze. I never knew Unc could

"Thank you, dear, but I'm not really beautiful. Your mother is beautiful—I'm handsome."

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run so fast on his rheumatic legs.

I ran after him, saw him fall flat on his face halfway down into the steep ravine. He skidded along on his belly for a way, and then he turned clean over and went crashing down through the brush. I thought that place was too steep for me so I ran up the ravine, scuttling through the ferns like a rabbit, looking for a place that was easier to get down. I found a place that looked easier. It was easier only part way down. I got halfway down and then dropped right through the ferns, clean to the bottom. I got up, hearing Unc threshing around below me. I started down to meet him as fast as I could. What I'd heard wasn't Unc. It was the bear. He didn't see me, but I saw him. I stopped right where I was and swallowed my tobacco, feeling it go down, watching the bear while my blood ran cold.

The bear was awfully big and awfully mad. He was working up the narrow ravine toward me, pausing now and then to bite off alder branches that got in his way. He'd bite off a two inch branch like I would a stick of peppermint candy, and toss it back over his shoulder. Then he'd stand straight up on his hind legs and look back down the ravine, like he had half a mind to go back down and bite Uncle Neb's head off.

I wanted to get out of there, fast, but I couldn't. The ravine was only a few feet wide here, with straight walls that I couldn't climb. I was afraid to move for fear the bear would see me and rush to gobble me up. Then I thought of the Springfield, raised it up and took aim. I got a good bead on the bear's head and pulled the trigger. When the hammer snapped down, I remembered that I hadn't loaded it again.

The bear heard the hammer fall and he whirled around, seeing me standing there. He growled way down in his belly, bit off a couple more branches, dropped down on his three good legs and ran at me with his back humped. I yelled, "one, two, three, four," and pulled back the hammer, threw open the breech, slipped a cartridge from my pocket, closed the breech, aimed with the barrel. When I yelled, the bear stopped, hardly 10 feet away,

reared up on his hind legs, with the leg that Unc's shot had broken hanging limply down. He writhed his lips back in a snarl. I could see the yellow at the roots of his teeth, the blackberry juice on his tongue. I said, "Aim, fire," and pulled the trigger of the Springfield.

After the echoes of the shot had died away, it was awfully quiet in the ravine for a minute, with the bear lying still on his back. Then Unc began to raise an awful rumpus below in the ravine, yelling and rolling rocks as he scrambled up through the brush.

When he got to where I was, he stopped short, looked at the dead bear, and then his old, thin lips began to quiver until his whiskers shook. His wrinkled hand trembled as he reached out and touched the bear.

"Lordy, son!" he said, his voice thin and squeaky, "I thought for sure that you were a goner. That old rifle ain't been fired for over 20 year."

I guess that I was too excited to get real awful sick from the tobacco cud I'd swallowed. But I was sick enough. Unc made me wash out my stomach with spring water, and then I felt better.

We had bear meat for supper that night. It was sort of sweet, and it was stringy and tough. I didn't like it much, and I don't think that Unc did either. I could tell by the way his Adam's apple wobbled when he swallowed. But Aunt Sarah kept putting more meat on his plate, her lips a thin, straight line.

"Have some more, you old fool," she said. "There's plenty."

Unc crammed his mouth full, and he chawed on it. His whiskers wiggled. And then he looked at me out of the corners of his eyes, and I saw the twinkle there that he always had when he was about to tell a circular story

"Way back in '72," he began . . .

Aunt Sarah went out into the kitchen and slammed the door. I don't think that my Uncle Neb ever shot a bear in his life.

Francis H. Ames lives a life that many of us might envy. Secluded in a hide-a-way near the Salmon River in Oregon, he spends his time fishing, hunting, camping, and writing and "shooting" wildlife.

He has been writing professionally for only five years but has found many markets for his material. He contributes to such magazines as Field and Stream, True, *and* Sports Afield. *Women's magazines and farm publications also buy from him.*

SPRING'S COMING

It may be mighty chilly right now, but it won't be long until Spring. And that means another issue of *The National Future Farmer* will be coming your way. It's going to be a great issue.

✦ ✦ ✦

What would *you* do if you had to trade your dreams of earning a letter in basketball for a pair of crutches? One FFA member faced this question—read how Tommy High worked out his own answer as he lay in a hospital bed for seven long months and how he made that answer pay off!

✦ ✦ ✦

Camping can't be dull. You're bound to have a good time. In this Spring's issue you'll learn about camping thrills that come to FFA members in different parts of the country, including pack trips in the Colorado mountains and in the Sierras in California. Those are rugged trips, but the boys wouldn't miss them, and you won't want to miss reading about their fun.

✦ ✦ ✦

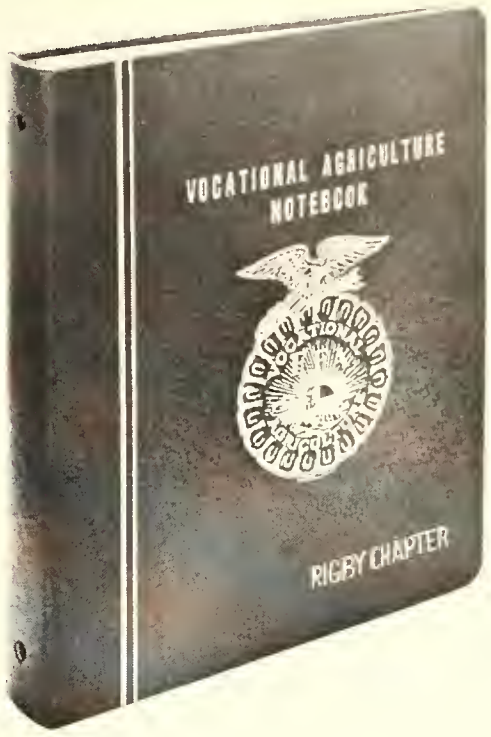
The Spring issue will also bring you valuable articles on dairy farming, soil and water management, and one of the most unusual nature stories ever written. Find out about "Our Last Frontier." Enjoy another fiction story, more wonderful cartoons and jokes, and up-to-the-minute news on FFA activities.

✦ ✦ ✦

It's all in the Spring issue of *The National Future Farmer.*

"Timber!!!!!"

Your Chapter Classroom Notebook



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Can You Top This?

☆ Robert S. Stevens, former State President of the Virginia FFA, and Star Farmer of the South in 1949, is probably the youngest appointee ever named to a state governing board. He was recently appointed to the Virginia State Board of Agriculture and Immigration at the age of 22.

☆ H. James Anderson, State Reporter of the California FFA Association, subscribed to *The National Future Farmer* for 10 years!

☆ The Newton, Illinois, FFA Chapter sent in 121 subscriptions.

☆ Paul Thomas, Reporter for the Vanlue, Ohio, FFA Chapter, believes they have some sort of record. Out of a total of 33 members, 14 are brothers. There are no twins!

☆ Donald Jury, Secretary of the Harpster-Lewis FFA Chapter, at Harpster, Ohio, says they can top the Mott, North Dakota, FFA Chapter on the tallest and shortest member. Although Merle Mathews is only 6′ 4″(!), Carlos McGuire is 4′ 7½″—a difference of 1′ 8½″.

☆ But that's not all! Right in the same mail was one to top the Harpster-Lewis Chapter—with picture to prove it. Jerry Miles, President of the Montpelier, Idaho, FFA Chapter, writes:

"Enclosed you will find a picture of Robert Ipsen, 6′ 3″, and Richard Kunz, 4′ 2″. The total difference in height being an even 2′ 1″.

"We grant that the Mott Chapter has us beat in height and relationship: However, we believe our 4′ 2″ freshman is a record, as well as the 2′ 1″ spread of height in an FFA chapter."

Jerry goes on to say that he would like to hear from anyone that can beat this record—and so would we!

☆ The Bradford, Florida, FFA Chapter owns 270 acres of land, a truck, tractor, 6 cows, a bull, 23 feeder pigs, and 3 brood sows. They recently sold 3 steers which were produced on the farm.

☆ With hopes of keeping more graduates interested in FFA work, and enrolling more vo-ag students, the Minnesota FFA officers have announced a membership drive slogan for 1953: "10,000 Future Farmers in the land of 10,000 lakes!" They now have 8,766 members out of 10,300 enrolled in vo-ag in the state.

(THE NATIONAL FUTURE FARMER *will pay $2.00 for each item printed on this page. No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.*)

WYOMING'S FRONTIER CHAPTER

By LLOYD OSBORN
State FFA Reporter

FIVE YEARS AGO a vocational agriculture department was opened in the Cheyenne, Wyoming, High School. That year, 1948, the Frontier FFA Chapter received its charter and counted 18 members. Two years later the chapter had grown to 38 members and was considered one of the fastest growing and most progressive chapters in the state.

In a state with 46 departments, the Frontier Chapter has a record in judging contests that speaks for itself. Five state judging contests are held each year: Livestock, Dairy, Poultry, Agronomy, and Farm Mechanics. For the champion chapter of all judging contests, the Frontier Chapter took fifth place the first year, fourth the second year, and first the last two years.

Four teams have competed in National contests held at Waterloo and Kansas City, and individuals have received gold emblems four times, silver ratings two times, and bronze two times. The Frontier Chapter produced 10 percent of the State Farmers, and one State officer this past year.

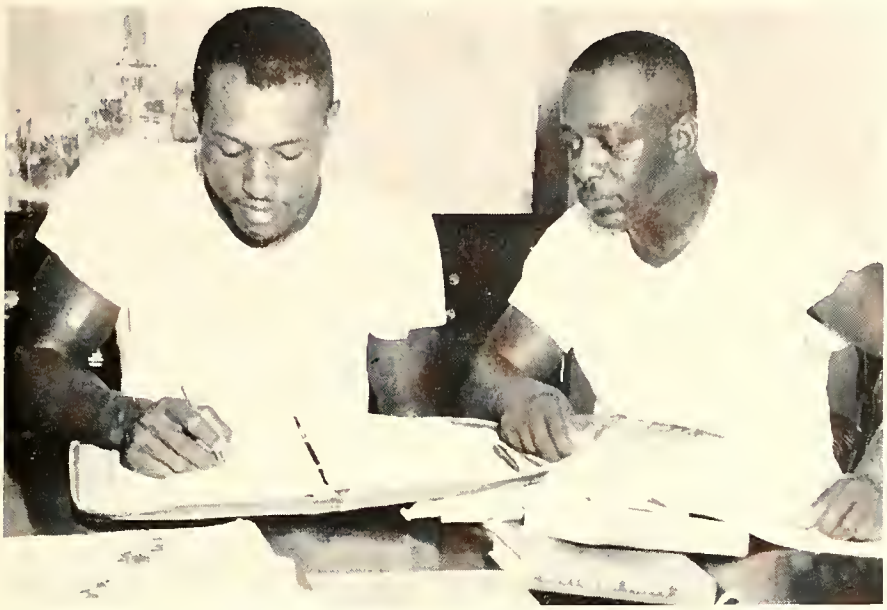
The supervised farming program is, of course, the major purpose of vocational agriculture, and is stressed by the Frontier Chapter. Each member averages over two productive enterprises per year, and one-animal projects are not approved except under unusual circumstances.

Perhaps one of the chapter's outstanding farming programs was that begun by a young man with only 200 chicks during his first year. Three years later the same boy, with very little assistance, has 53 breeding ewes, (30 are registered Carriedales), one registered sow, two litters of pigs, 15 acres of wheat, 15 acres of barley, 15 acres of oats, six Southdown lambs, and 100 laying hens.

Cheyenne has the only vocational agriculture department in the state with less than a four-year program. Freshmen attend two different junior high schools, leaving only the last three years for the vo-ag program in Cheyenne Senior High School. J. O. Reed, a transplanted Texan, is the vo-ag teacher and advisor of the

Frontier Chapter, and has been teaching in Wyoming since his discharge from the U. S. Marine Corps six years ago.

Even though there have been some drawbacks and disappointments during the time the Frontier Chapter has been chartered, as there is in any new chapter, there is a saying out in Wyoming today: "If you want competition, the Frontier Chapter will give it to you!"



Joseph W. Register, Valdosta, Georgia, goes over his record books with the FFA advisor. Joseph won the H. O. Sargent Award of $250 which is presented annually to the most successful young Negro farmer and former vo-ag student.

NFA PROGRESS

By W. T. JOHNSON

North Carolina NFA Assistant Supervisor

MOST OF TODAY'S NFA members came into the world just about the same time the NFA did. From its beginning 18 years ago, the organization has made rapid progress until now there are 36,358 active members in 17 states.

Indications are that 1953 is going to be another big year for the NFA. Last year, the organization concentrated a great deal on cooperation, with the result that practically every chapter and more than 85 percent of the boys engaged in either buying or selling, conservation, or campaigns of control and prevention. Cooperative groups of young farmers were organized and, through such groups, farm machinery, equipment, feed and supplies were purchased, sire chains were established, and farm safety programs were put into operation.

Vernon B. Ruffin, of Seguin, Texas, who won last year's Soil and Water Management Award, is an NFA believer in cooperation. He took the lead in getting farmers in his community to purchase cooperatively 80,000 pounds of superphosphate and he assisted them in constructing 25,680 feet of terraces.

While stressing the need for cooperation in rural communities, the NFA has not lost sight of the sense of self-reliance and independence which a boy achieves when he plans and carries through to completion projects of his own. Building an electric brooder for baby chicks, an electric hot bed for growing plants, and an electric fence were projects of Carroll V. Crain of Franklinton, Louisiana, which won for him the NFA Farm and Home Electrification Award. Carroll also wired a dairy barn and five homes in his community under the supervision of the REA inspector.

By encouraging such individual projects as well as cooperative activities on the part of its members, the NFA is sure that by the time the NFA Convention rolls around this year, the chapters will have many outstanding reports to make.

long just a dream...

..NOW a reality

YOUR magazine!

don't miss another issue!... See your chapter advisor TODAY!!

(*Continued from page 42*)

big covey fed not far from the barn.

Sure enough, just as we neared the field, John excitedly informed me that he had seen a quail duck into the fence row ahead. The dogs pointed immediately, and as we got set, the largest covey we had seen boiled out and we dropped three. While we were looking for the last one, Mr. Champion came hustling up with his gun, asking, "Which way did they go?" I guess he just couldn't stand all the good shooting without being in on it, and I couldn't blame him.

I took over the dogs and let John and his dad do the shooting. They promptly downed four of the next six birds pointed, and as it was nearing noon, we headed for the house and dressed the birds before eating lunch. John heaped praise on Andy and Rock, and of course that made me feel good too, for any man is proud of his dogs. We had a wonderful lunch, thanks to Mrs. Champion, and a thorough discussion of the safety rules in hunting: Never to trip the safety on your gun until the birds are in the air; never point your gun—loaded or unloaded—at your hunting partner or the dogs; and to be very careful and unload when putting your gun in the car or when you finish hunting.

John reluctantly left us to take his turn on the tractor, and after some misgivings on the part of his parents, young Wallace Champion persuaded them to let him go with us on the afternoon hunt. As we had hunted the north side of the Champion farm that morning, we headed south for Chicken Creek where it left the farm in order to hunt into the light north wind. The temperature was now in the 50's and the dogs were full of pep.

We struck our first covey about 200 yards above the creek and, guessing again, took our stand where we would catch the birds heading for the creek. But, for the first time that day—and probably just to prove that nobody can be right all the time—the covey fooled us and streaked away in the opposite direction. We did manage to knock down one each, however, so we didn't feel so bad about guessing wrong.

The dogs soon located three singles, and Mr. Champion bagged two of these. I could see by now that quail shooting was not new to him, for he was a fast but careful gun handler. On the next point, some eight or 10 birds got up together and this time headed for the creek. We took one each, and decided that was enough from that covey—for the first thing to remember when shooting into a covey is to be sure and leave enough birds for next year.

I walked into a covey a short time later on the north fence, but only got a single. They flew fast and low behind the brush along the fence. Rock and Andy spread out then, and Mr. Champion went to Rock and I took Andy. Each of us got a bird, and then we alternated on shots until we figured eight birds were left.

John had been unable to resist this last bit of shooting, and since we were in the field adjoining the one in which he was plowing, he had stopped to watch. As I had a long way to drive before night, we decided to call it a day. John insisted I come back soon—he still knew where there were other covies we hadn't touched. Knowing all the time I would be back, I promised him I would—provided he kept his supervised farming records in good shape, and completed his State Farmer Degree application.

Well, he did—and made State Farmer that year. And, of course, it was a pleasure for me to fulfill my part of the bargain.

CASEY TIBBS

World's Champion Cowboy Wears

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Time-tested! AT DEALERS or . . . Postpaid $12.50. Rings extra: 25 rings, 50c; 100, $1.80; 500, $7; 1,000, $12. (Insist on genuine Elastrator rings with yellow mark.)

CALIFORNIA STOCKMEN'S SUPPLY CO.
151 Mission St., Dept. 19, San Francisco 5, Cal.

"Who Done It?"

"Well, James, were you a good little boy in school today?"

"Me, sir? Oh, yes sir."

"Anything interesting happen?"

"Yes sir. It was fairly interesting when the mouse ran up Mrs. Hicsnickle's arm."

"Mouse?? What mouse?"

"The one somebody had put in her drawer. She was reaching in to get her ruler to smack somebody with it for shooting a spitball up her nostril———."

"Up her nostril! What a remarkable shot—I mean what a terrible thing. How on earth did it happen?"

"She had her head tilted away back looking at the ceiling to see where the bee-bees were coming from."

"Bee-bees?"

"Yes sir. She had just asked a question and quite a few had raised their hands. One of the hands must have been full of bee-bees."

"Did you raise your hand?"

"Yes sir!"

"Good. See how it pays to study? What was the question?"

"She asked how many pupils knew how all the erasers and chalk got on the floor while she was at the principal's office about the tack."

"Tack?"

"On her chair. The one she sat on."

"One moment, James. Let's go back to the erasers. How did they get there?"

"They was flung there."

"Flung! I hope you didn't fling any?"

"Oh, no sir."

"How about the bee-bees?"

"They was flang by Frankie Willis."

"Oh—that spitball now. A remarkable shot. Who threw that?"

"You don't throw them. You shoot them with a rubber band. Like this. Then you wind the rubber band around your fingers, like this, and then I pulled her away back like this and ZING!"

The Cow

The cow is a quadruped of the feminine sex—with a guileless countenance, an alto voice and a lovely disposition.

During her life she works for mankind in the production of a fluid termed milk. When that production stops—either thru old age or otherwise—she further serves mankind by providing one of the ingredients for chili or hash and ends up being skinned by those she benefited—just like most mortals are.

Her offspring is termed a calf—sometimes allowed to grow up to become a cow and sometimes used in the manufacture of chicken salad.

The cow's tail has a universal joint and is mounted aft where its principal use is that of harassing flies who first attempted to harass her. The tassel on the end has an educational value that is unique—that is, people who milk cows and have come in contact with such tassels have particularly impressive and peculiar vocabularies.

The cow has a peculiar set of teeth—no upper plate but all in the lower. This was apparently done by some efficiency expert to keep her from gumming things up. Therefore, she bites up and gums down.

The quadruped of the masculine sex is termed bull. It is lassoed in Texas, fought in the ring in Mexico and slung in Washington.

A slice of one of these quadrupeds is worth 10c in the cow, 20c in the hands of the packer and $3.50 at the nearest restaurant.

The cow has two stomachs. In reverse to usual normal procedures, the one on the bottom floor has no other function than to serve as a warehouse. When this warehouse is full—she ambles off to some quiet, retired place where she will have no conflict with the rules set down by Emily Post and devotes herself to belching. This raw material is then conveyed for the second time to the interior of her face and she has time to leisurely chew such raw material and deliver it to her auxiliary stomach, where it is converted into cow.

(Author unknown)

(*Continued from page* 39)

has 12 pages—one for each month—of color photos featuring FFA members in various activities. Most of these pictures, incidentally, are bought from FFA members or advisors.

In addition to the "home" calendar, there are three display calendars which feature the painting, with a calendar pad below. Largest of these, made for display in banks, stores and other public places, is an "indoor billboard," 31 x 42½ inches in size. For places where there is less room for display, a 19½ x 29 inch size is offered; and a still smaller size, 10 x 16 inches, is suitable for use in homes where the display-type calendar is preferred over the regular home calendar.

(FFA chapters that, for some reason, have not been contacted by the Osborne Company's salesmen may get information by writing to Mr. F. S. Wilson, Vice President, The Osborne Company, Clifton, New Jersey. If you have color photos that you would like to submit for possible use in the home calendars, send them to Director of Public Relations, Future Farmers of America, U. S. Office of Education, FSA, Washington 25, D. C.)

GOING SOMEWHERE?

. . . Wherever you move . . . to the North Pole or the next town . . . we'll follow you. Be sure you get a copy of the magazine in your new home. Send your NAME, with FULL NEW ADDRESS and OLD, to The National Future Farmer, Box 1180, Alexandria, Virginia.

2nd Lt.
Joseph C. Rodriguez
U.S.Army
Medal of Honor

SIXTY YARDS TO GO. From atop the hill, near Munye-ri, Korea, the enemy suddenly opened up a withering barrage. The squad was caught: Red mortars began zero-ing for the kill. Lieutenant Rodriguez broke loose and dashed up the fire-swept slope, throwing grenades. He wiped out three foxholes and two gun emplacements. Alone, he accounted for 15 enemy dead, led the rout of the enemy, and saved the lives of his squad.

"When you have to take chances to reach an objective, that's O.K.," says Lieutenant Rodriguez. "But when you can find a surer way, so much the better.

"That's why I was glad when I heard that people like you own *nearly 50 billion dollars* in Defense Bonds. I believe a strong, *peaceful* America is our objective. And the *sure* way to reach it is through backing *our* strength with *your* strength by investing in Bonds *now!*"

★ ★ ★

Now E Bonds earn more! 1) All Series E Bonds bought after May 1, 1952 average 3% interest, compounded semiannually! Interest now starts after 6 months and is higher in the early years. 2) *All maturing E Bonds* automatically go on earning *after maturity*—and at the new higher interest! Today, start investing in better-paying Series E Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan!

Peace is for the strong!
For peace *and* prosperity save with U. S. Defense Bonds!

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The First One Doesn't Have a Chance

A very little boy came home dejected from his first day at school.

"Ain't goin' tomorrow," he said.

"Why not, dear?"

"Well, I can't read 'n' I can't write 'n' they won't let me talk—so what's the use?"

▼

In a final effort to discipline her bad and wayward chick, mother hen said to him, "If your father could see you now, he'd turn over in his gravy."

▼

First flier: "Quick, what do I do now, instructor?"

Second flier: "Good heavens! Aren't you the instructor?"

"All right back there?" called the conductor from the front of the bus.

"Hold on!" came a feminine voice. "Wait till I get my clothes off."

The entire carful turned and craned their necks, as a girl got off with a basket of laundry.

▼

A motorist who was picked up unconscious after a smash opened his eyes as he was being carried into a nearby filling station. He began to kick and struggle and tried desperately to get away. Afterwards he explained that the first thing he saw was a "Shell" sign, and "some fool was standing in front of the 'S'."

▼

One evening a girl and a handsome farm lad were walking along a country road together. The farm lad was leading a calf and carrying a large pail, a chicken, and a cane. They came to a dark lane.

Said the girl: "I'm afraid to walk here with you. You might try to kiss me."

Said the farm lad: "How could I with all these things I'm carrying?"

"Well, you might stick the cane in the ground, tie the calf to it, and put the chicken under the pail."

He had choked her. She was dead; there was no doubt about it. He had listened to her dying gasp. Now she was cold—cold as the hand of death. Yet in his anger he was not convinced. Furiously he kicked her. To his amazement, she gasped, sputtered, and then began to hum softly.

"Just a little patience is all it takes, John," remarked his wife from the back seat.

▼

A pedestrian is a man whose son is home from college.

▼

"Mother, I did, too, wash my hands. If you don't believe it, just look on the towel."

▼

A tourist was introduced to a Black Hills Indian with a reputedly perfect memory. Skeptical, the tourist asked: "What did you have for breakfast on February 6, 1918?" The Indian answered, "Eggs." "Everyone eats eggs for breakfast," the man scoffed. "He's a fraud."

Eight years later, the tourist was in the Black Hills again, and, when he saw the same Indian, he said jovially, "How!"

The Indian answered promptly, "Scrambled."

▼

A schoolteacher wrote to the parents of a little boy: "Your boy, Charles, shows signs of astigmatism. Will you please investigate and try to correct it?"

The next morning, she received a reply from the boy's father, who wrote: "I don't exactly understand what Charlie has done, but I have walloped him tonight, and you can wallop him tomorrow. That ought to help some."

"I think I lost my garter snake, Ma!"

In the Corn Belt last October, a man who looked as if he might be from the city came out of a roadside grove with a sackful of fine walnuts. Just then a second car stopped, and a man got out. The fellow with the walnuts, looking a little shamefaced, asked: "How much?"

"Oh, about a dollar, I guess," said the other.

Receiving the dollar and shoving it into his pocket, the newcomer looked around and commented: "Sure a nice walnut grove— I wonder who owns it."

The tourist came upon a farmer in the back country holding a hog up to an apple tree while the animal munched on apples.

"Isn't that a rather slow way to feed him?" the tourist asked.

"Could be," reckoned the farmer. "But what's time to a dern old hawg?"

▼

Sign on a drinking fountain: "Old Faceful."

▼

The two passengers were making their first trip by air. At the first stop, they noticed a little red truck roll up to the plane and service it. Again at the second and third stops, a little red truck appeared.

Late in the afternoon, one passenger said to the other: "This plane is certainly making good time."

"Yep," said the other, "and that little red truck ain't doin' bad, either."

▼

There's a town out West that's so small they have "Come Again" on the back of the "Welcome" sign.

▼

Restless youngster (at 3 a.m.): "Mommy, tell me a story."

Mother: "Hush, dear. Daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."

The National FUTURE FARMER will pay $2 for each joke published on this page. In case of duplication, payment will be made to the first writer. Contributions can not be acknowledged or returned.

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JOHN DEERE
MODELS "50" AND "60"
JOHN DEERE QUALITY FARM EQUIPMENT

They Step Up Performance in All These NEW Ways

In their livelier, more flexible power . . . their new, "live" power shaft and "live" Powr-Trol . . . their effortless steering . . . quick-change wheel tread, and many other major engineering advancements and improvements, these heavy-duty 2- and 3-plow John Deere "50" and "60" Tractors step up performance in many new ways. See your John Deere dealer and arrange to drive one of these great new tractors in the field.

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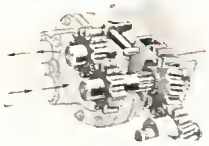
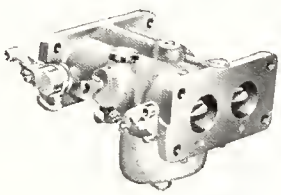
Provides ever-ready hydraulic power—independent of both transmission and power shaft—for faster effortless equipment control. Direct engine-driven high-speed pump increases lifting capacities as much as 114% over previous models.



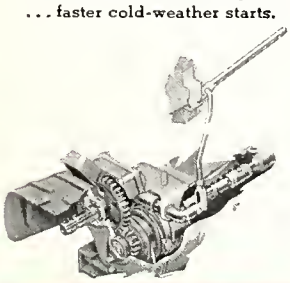
DUPLEX CARBURETION

This new *double-barreled* carburetor meters fuel in identical amounts to each cylinder giving you more "get-up-and-go" . . . outstanding fuel economy . . . smoother engine performance . . . faster cold-weather starts.



QUICK-CHANGE WHEEL TREAD

Makes re-spacing of tractor rear wheels a simple, easy, one-man job. No lifting, tugging or reversing wheels from side to side to obtain any tread from 56 to 88 inches.



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Operating independently of the transmission clutch, the "live" power shaft speeds up every PTO job . . . practically eliminates clogging of power-driven machines . . . saves cost of auxiliary engines in many cases.

EFFORTLESS STEERING

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How would you like a tractor that does everything the easy way? A tractor that frees you from heavy wrenches, wheel jacks, tractor grease gun, tire chains, wheel weights, tug-and-hoist implements . . . all the old bonds of yesterday's farming?

The new Allis-Chalmers CA uses its quick-responsive engine power *seven ways* to shoulder more farm tasks than you ever imagined a tractor could do.

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Be first in the field and first home at night. It's quick and easy with an Allis-Chalmers CA . . . the tractor *ahead* of its time.

ENGINE POWER does it all

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4. Lifts and controls mounted implements.
5. Controls pulled implements hydraulically.
6. Drives belt-powered machines.
7. Pulls 2-bottom plow or equivalent in toughest soils.

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